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Let It Die, by Henry R. Luce, on page 296

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Growing Pains

IT should be recorded as an item of news that the intellectuals have decided to support America. For about two decades they have had little good to say of their country. The *Nation* bombed us, some years ago, state by state. Thirty Americans united in a single volume to discourage the optimists, young gentlemen living in Paris dropped acid remarks, the *New Republic* was afflicted with a somewhat bilious melancholy, the *American Mercury* spouted mud volcanoes, and Sinclair Lewis published his novels. *Harper's* and the *Forum* have been more impressed by the problems of Americans than by the hopelessness of America, and you could always find records of pioneer virtue in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but a sense of something terribly wrong has nevertheless been a general symptom of belonging to the intelligentzia.

This, of course, has been a dominant characteristic of American men of letters from Jonathan Edwards down. They have nearly all been carpers because all, without exception, have had to face an obsession with material welfare. They have lived in a country which, with instances unimportant except for the South after the Civil War, has been in a boom since 1700.

There have been exceptions. Emerson was one. In spite of his convinced idealism, he was optimistic for his country. Whitman was another. He believed that sweat and hurry and movement and the desire to possess were better than looking backward. But Cooper, Irving, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Twain, Howells, Thoreau — a formidable rank, were on the other side.

* * *

But it is not fair to say with M. Julien Benda in his recently published "The Treason of the Intellectuals," that those who approve the results of political and industrial energy are traitors to idealism. His argument that a man of letters who takes sides debases himself, is a little fine drawn at best. It does seem that we have intellectuals enough to spare some for the fighting in the streets, in the press, in the government. The ivory towers can all be garrisoned and still leave man power for sallies and ambushes. No, the new willingness of gentlemen like Messrs. Dewey, Mumford, Klein in the book just published called "Whither, Mankind?" and of a distinguished group in another book, the "Recent Gains in American Civilization," edited by Kirby Page—their willingness to argue that the machine age, if not precisely golden, is certainly neither all steel or all lead, is a sign of rallying not desertion. Commonsense has told a good many of us that, no matter how much we detest outdoor advertising, tabloids, subway crushes, radio conversation, hot-dog stands, real estate developments, religious and other boosters, and the vulgar cheapness of the social ideals of a bourgeois civilization, nevertheless we are getting a good deal of solid satisfaction out of automobiles and concrete roads, out of good books easily available, out of the towers of Chicago and New York, the shortened day of labor, the ease of travel, and a hundred more opportunities directly and wholly due to the mechanization of the age we live in.

Indeed the time to accept the new terms of machinery and standardization is overdue, and a philosopher and an individualist must study how to adapt himself with more gain than loss. We need another Thoreau to write another "Walden," which, this time, would be laid unquestionably in a city street and tell how a man can keep his soul as cheaply as his Ford.

But these books have the same faults that made Emerson's essays sometimes more eloquent than convincing. The writers see clearly what marvelous things can be done with nature controlled and

(*Continued on page* 292)

Night Hawk

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE night-hawk goes up to the light
Lingering over coming night.

His slender wings have mirrors under
Their slow sweep of peace and wonder,

Twin heliographs to relay on
Brave words of the sun that's gone.

There is not among the birds
A grace so out of reach of words.

So thin and beautiful a scroll
Against the sky that day seems whole;

After things at six and seven
Here is calligraphy of heaven.

Up. Then like a falling star
He falls with a brief, celestial jar,

Like a bowstring snapped apart,
Like the daylight's broken heart.

Darkness leaps to have its way,
And the door swings to on day.

Creator! if Thy children might
Take such a clean leave of the light!

This Week

"The Treason of the Intellectuals."
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"To the Pure."
Reviewed by *Ferris Greenslet.*

A Man of Ideas

By MONTGOMERY BELGION

MR. IRVING BABBITT, in an article published some months ago, mentioned that America, in its literary and artistic modes, followed Europe—"usually at an interval of from five to forty years"—as surely as America led Europe in bathtubs and sanitary plumbing. "We shall presently begin to hear," he went on, "of certain new developments in French literature and critical thought that point, though indecisively as yet, to a radical departure from what has been the main current since the eighteenth century and in some respects since the Renaissance." And he instanced, as French writers "who reveal in different ways the latest trend"—Maritain, Maurras, Lasserre, Seillière, and Benda.

The present article is about the work of the last-named of these writers, Mr. Julien Benda, and it may be as well if, in considering him, both the reader and myself bear in mind these remarks of Mr. Babbitt's. They are, to begin with, an intimation of the importance of the article's subject. If Mr. Benda's writings point to "a radical departure from what has been the main current," then obviously they must be important. And then there is the question of America's following in the wake of Europe "in its literary and artistic modes" and particularly of the "interval of from five to forty years" she takes to do so.

* * *

The occasion for this article is that a book by Mr. Benda, bearing the weird title "La Trahison des Clercs," was, in spite of its being entirely a book of ideas, the literary sensation of last winter in France. And here, within less than a twelvemonth, is a translation available for America.* That looks like confirmation of Mr. Babbitt's view of Mr. Benda's importance, and at the same time suggests that, in one instance at any rate, his estimate of the time it takes America to become aware of, if not of the time it takes America to follow (if she does follow), a new fashion in European critical thought, is too cynical.

But the fact is, so far as that goes, that Mr. Benda, who is, I understand, now sixty-one years old, first published a book as far back as about 1910. He called it "Mon Premier Testament," and it appeared as one of those "Cahiers de la Quinzaine" which were the chief source of the fame of the late Charles Péguy. For it was in Péguy's now historic little bookshop at No. 8 Rue de la Sorbonne in Paris that Mr. Benda first came into contact with the literary life. He did so, then, when about forty, and found pride in thus having waited to enter the world of letters until his maturity. As he pointed out, before settling down to write, he had lived; and whereas many writers seek ideas because they have to write, he was seeking to write because he had ideas.

* * *

What set him thinking was those twin events which so stirred both the Péguy group and the whole of France towards the turn of the century—the preferring against Captain Dreyfus of a charge of treason and the advent in the Collège de France of Mr. Bergson.

Mr. Benda was opposed to Bergson's theories; his preferred philosopher was and is the Neo-criticist,

* THE TREASON OF THE INTELLECTUALS (LA TRAHISON DES CLERCS). By JULIEN BENDA. Translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1928. $2.50.

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Renouvier. As for the *Affaire*—he is, like Dreyfus, a Jew—that revealed to him that, since people are swayed, not by their ideas, but by their passions, the political and religious ideas most widely held are held, not because they are believed to be true, but because they satisfy those passions.

If, for example, people adopt the idea that Jews are wicked and despicable, they do so, not because it appears to them, as a result of historical knowledge, personal experience, etc., that the idea is true, but because this idea satisfies the need in them of hating and despising. It is not reason, but sentiment which provokes ideas. Men's sentiments need an intellectual complement, and so these sentiments catch at or invent the ideas best fitted to them. In this fashion does hatred generate the idea of antisemitism.

* * *

Mr. Benda went on to classify the chief of existing political and religious ideas according to the sentiments they satisfied, and found that the ideas which he opposed fell into three groups: (1) those that satisfied a need of hatred or suspicion, (2) those which responded to a need of pride, possession, etc., and (3) those which satisfied a desire for surprise.

Such was the theme of "Mon Premier Testament." Two years later there followed "Le Bergsonisme ou Une Philosophie de la Mobilité." This, of course, aimed at being an exposure of Mr. Bergson's theories. Its conclusion was that Bergsonism was nothing else but an attempt to substitute sentiments for ideas, emotion for reason. Mr. Benda contended that Bergsonians went a step further than he had, in "Mon Premier Testament," accused the majority of mankind of doing. The majority of mankind, he had said, adopted ideas in so far as those ideas satisfied their passions. Bergsonism, he now claimed, got rid of ideas altogether and left the field entirely to emotion.

Next, in a companion volume to "Le Bergsonisme," "Sur le Succès du Bergsonisme," he went on to diagnose why Mr. Bergson had met with such a prodigious success in France: it was because French society was so eager today to exploit emotionalism, and only emotionalism. Then, immediately after the War, he followed that up with a full-dress indictment of the esthetic tastes of contemporary French society (meaning the French ruling class, the people of culture and leisure). This was "Belphégor," Belphegor being another name for Moloch. French society, he asserted in this essay, had developed a horror of the rational and simultaneously a passion for mystical thrills. It was determined no longer to go to art for any kind of intellectual pleasure; what it demanded from art was emotions and sensations. Art must now seize things in their own existence, by an act of pure love, sympathy, or intuition. It must melt into and unite with its object. It must seize things in their active vital principle. And not only must art do all this, but so also must philosophy and science—at least biological science—and, likewise, criticism and history.

This change in the attitude of the French cultivated public was chiefly due, Mr. Benda suggested, to the general lowering of the level of culture, and to the attitude of women, in whose hands is the management of the things of the mind, towards the masculine spirit. Formerly, they had always regarded it with respect; today they despised it.

* * *

"Belphégor" was a success: its ideas made a number of enthusiastic converts in France and Mr. Benda came to be regarded there as one of the significant writers of our time. It also spread his influence abroad, for, as Mr. T. S. Eliot has pointed out, much of Mr. Benda's analysis of the decadence of contemporary French society could be applied to England; and, no doubt, some Americans will see that it could also be applied to America. Of specific instances of Mr. Benda's influence outside France, the most noteworthy, perhaps, is that he has had upon Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and in "Time and Western Man" the latter has not failed to record his debt.

These brief summaries of some of Mr. Benda's earlier books well prepare one, I think, for the thesis of "La Trahison des Clercs," the most ambitious of his works and the one to which I now turn. To begin with, however, I must cavil at the title of the American edition: "The Treason of the Intellectuals." The one used in England, "The Great Betrayal," is certainly better. For the book is not concerned with anything that in English can be called treason; it is a book asserting that a trust, a duty, has been betrayed. Nor, in my opinion, are those who have betrayed the trust correctly indicated by intellectuals.

Mr. Benda first points out that political passions have now become far more intense than they ever were. Today the individual bestows upon his group—race, class, nation—a religious adoration, and this is nothing less than the deification of his own passion. Examples of political passions which have recently become conscious passions are: (1) Jewish nationalism, (2) Bourgeoisism, (3) Fascism.

Further, and this is most important, everyone now claims a philosophical justification for the political movement to which he belongs: whichever it happens to be, it is in accordance with "the march of evolution," "the profound unrolling of history," or something else of the kind.

Moreover, political passions can be reduced to two fundamental desires: (a) the desire to satisfy one's *interest*, and (b) the desire to satisfy one's *pride*. And these two desires are but the two parts of man's general desire to situate himself in *real existence*. Thus, the intensifying of political passions today marks an increased determination on the part of mankind to situate itself in the *real* or *practical* mode of existence as contrasted with the *disinterested* or *metaphysical* mode. The State, one's County, one's Class—these today are avowedly God.

All that applies, however, Mr. Benda says, to the masses—working-class or bourgeois—to kings, ministers, and political leaders; to all the lay element in the human species—all, that is, whose essential interests are what Mr. Benda calls temporal interests. But, he goes on, until fifty years ago there was, beside that class, another class, the class he calls "clerks," by which, as he says, he means all whose activity was essentially not an activity for practical ends; those who found their solace in the exercise of art or science or metaphysical speculation. They are those who may be considered to have told themselves: "My kingdom is not of this world." One might put it that, thanks to the existence of this class—the "clerks"—humanity, for two thousand years, did evil but honored the good.

But at the end of the nineteenth century there occurred a fundamental change: the "clerks" went out into the world and joined in the game of political passions. That is the great betrayal, the betrayal by the learned, the scholars, of their trust of extra-mundane values.

* * *

And this brings us back to Mr. Babbitt. For it is, I imagine, Mr. Benda's stress upon extra-mundane values which leads Mr. Babbitt to name him as one of the French writers who are now pointing to "a radical departure from what has been the main current since the eighteenth century and in some respects since the Renaissance." As Hulme insisted in his "Speculations," the Middle Ages believed in, as facts, "the subordination of man to certain absolute values" and "in the radical imperfection of man." But with the Renaissance an entirely opposite belief sprang up and has since been believed in equally, not as a theory, but as a fact, the belief that man is the measure of all things and that values belong to this world. Then, in the eighteenth century, this Renaissance belief underwent modification, the Noble Savage was discovered, and man's instinct became the criterion.

Parenthetically, I don't quite see why Mr. Babbitt should suggest, as he seems to, that America is to rely exclusively on France for the importation of ideas. As regards, in particular, this matter of intrinsic values (as extra-mundane values are also called), the movement which is reviving philosophical realism in England is intimately bound up with it. And, furthermore, America is not entirely unaware of that, since Mr. G. E. Moore has had, I understand, some ardent devotees at Harvard.

However, to keep to Mr. Benda—it seems to me that of the French writers mentioned by Mr. Babbitt—Maritain, Maurras, Lasserre, Seillière, and Benda—only Mr. Maritain and Mr. Benda challenge "the main current" set up as far back as the Renaissance; the others at most quarrel with the eighteenth century. But Mr. Benda rejects even Mr. Maritain's Neo-Thomism on the ground that it is too particularist, that it is really an expression of contemporary man's desire to situate himself in *real existence*, to be concrete, individual, distinct. Mr. Maritain, he says, does oppose *being* to *becoming*, but he reserves being for his group; a Neo-Thomist, Mr. Benda considers, might well declare: "We are men; the others are only dogs and swine."

As for Messrs. Maurras and Lasserre, Mr. Benda insists upon the same valuable distinction with which Mr. Babbitt has made Americans familiar, the distinction between humanism and humanitarianism, and while he cannot adequately express his contempt for humanitarianism, he is not opposed to humanism; quite the contrary, Mr. Babbitt's brand would certainly be highly esteemed by him. But he combats the humanism of Messrs. Maurras and Lasserre because that humanism depends, he says, not, as Mr. Babbitt's does, on a concept, but on a denial of extra-mundane values, of values such as disinterestedness, and is thoroughly involved with a passion for authority.

But all that may seem to be the matter of an internecine quarrel, and one may ask what special interest in that case the book possesses for America. There is little fault to be found with the translation. Mr. Aldington might have indicated the existence of a translation (by T. E. Hulme) of Sorel's "Reflections on Violence," since that book is mentioned so often: it is published in America by the Viking Press. But really he has fully lived up to his reputation for turning French into English. The point is: Has there been here any call for him to do so?

* * *

Would it not be more desirable for the American public to have, in place of this translation, an original study by some American who, being sufficiently familiar with French thought, had digested Mr. Benda's views and could apply them to the examination of American conditions; who could put Mr. Benda's case, or some analogous case, without bringing in all the French writers whom "La Trahison" discusses, but who are mostly unknown here? Without wishing to minimize Mr. Morrow's enterprise, I cannot help thinking that that would be more desirable.

At the same time, since the translation has been made, it would surely be folly to dismiss Mr. Benda because he deals mainly with France. What is now taking place everywhere in the West, what he calls attention to, is one uniform thing. For example, on one page he does refer directly to the United States, and on others he discusses Pragmatism—the European kind. Or again he finds it noteworthy that America should have had the desire, when she entered the War, to pose as purely idealistic. Now there, I believe, he misses the real nature of the tribute American vice now pays to virtue. But, on the other hand, what he says later on about the effect of Pragmatist teachings in Europe must apply equally to the fruits of Pragmatism in America The fact is that America has witnessed within the last thirty years a fundamental reversal of the relation between precept and practice. While New England Puritanism dominated the country, it was customary to pretend that people simply did not do what they were agreed upon was wrong; people, in short, were self-righteous: that is, it was claimed that practice rose to the level of precept. But today, not only does every American *openly* pursue self-interest and self-indulgence, and take any means as justified by the end of laying up treasure for himself, but a new code of precepts has come into vogue, according to which such conduct is *right*: precept has been lowered to the level of practice. This code proves, at bottom, to be Pragmatism. And it is an identical degradation of precept with which Mr. Benda reproaches Pragmatism in Europe. In fact, his whole book is written to register that degradation.

An interesting work recently published in France is "La Croix de Sang," by Gaëtan Bernoville, which tells, with poetry, faith, and passion, the life-story of the Carlist leader, Santa Cruz, who began as a parish priest in the Basque country and ended, only a couple of years ago, long after the Carlist rising had failed, as a Jesuit father in the pampas of South America.

Folklorists from many countries recently attended the International Congress held in Manchester, England, to mark the jubilee of the Folk-lore Society. The name, folk-lore, it appears, is an English invention. It was coined by the late Mr. Thoms, the founder of the Society, and is now used wherever men study the customs and superstitions of races.

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Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Blunden

CURSORY RHYMES. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1928. $2.

RETREAT. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. The same. $1.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

ON the surface, no two poets could look more unlike than these two Englishmen; accent, stress, points of view are almost contradictorily opposed. Yet, in spite of these differences —to say nothing of Mr. Blunden's formalism and Mr. Wolfe's typographical handsprings—both are traditionalists in a particularly English manner.

Mr. Wolfe, for all his split sentences and curiously constructed stanzas, relies on the formula which tempers the lemon of irony with the sugar of sentiment. His satire is softened by an inextinguishably romantic strain. It is as if the pale musicianer of whom Mr. Wolfe delights to speak had composed a savage air—and arranged it for a duet of dulcimer and viola *d'amore*. The result is frequent confusion and occasional sudden surprise. The early "Kensington Gardens" and "The Unknown Goddess" accomplished a fusion; the intervening "Humoresque" and "News of the Devil" failed of complete integration; "Requiem" returned to the poet's strange unity. Mr. Wolfe refuses to define his rôle—perhaps he cannot recognize it—and he continues to alternate as sardonist, sentimentalist, journalist, lyricist.

In his latest contribution, Mr. Wolfe attempts a return to his earliest *métier*—not, I believe, with conspicuous success. The reasons are not far to seek. It is an older poet who considers the Nursery —and one, I suspect, who is not genuinely fond of it. Nor one, I might add, who understands it. The note of naïveté seems forced; the archness is calculated; the humor not merely adult and trickery, but bookish.

> They tell me, children,
> you have some
> fugitive Elysi-
> um . . .

then later:

> and if I play my
> private game
> of being constantly
> the same
>
> (which is the circumstance
> that wrings
> my heart in ordinary
> things,)

This is the tone of the Introduction. The rest wavers between amusement and adulation, between pleasantry and self-mockery. In "Cursory Rhymes" the author begins by being unsure of his audience and ends by being unsure of himself. Certain sections free themselves of such a charge: "The Bluecoat Boy" is Wolfe at his light second-best, "The Return of the Fairy" is J. M. Barrie set to pirouetting rhyme. But the greater part of this *jeu d'esprit* is an indeterminate mixture of sophisticated Stevenson, De la Mare, and Father Goose. It will, for all its conscious technique, prove to be the least considerable of Mr. Wolfe's minstrelsies; most of it is (to borrow another poet's title) "jingling in the wind."

The Epilogue is a set of quatrains on Kipling, Andersen (Hans, not Sherwood), Andrew Lang, *et al.*:

> "Praise we therefore famous men"
> and, let who'd succeed them,
> Know they'll too be famous, when
> a little child shall read them.

In Mr. Blunden's work, tradition declares itself definitely. It is explicit in his phraseology and arrangement, implicit in the very titles of his previous volumes: "English Poems," "Masks of Time," "The Shepherd," "To Nature," "The Waggoner." The rustic idiom so pronounced in the last of these is scarcely in evidence in his latest; Mr. Blunden no longer depends on those fruity verbs which led the Poet Laureate to write a pamphlet on "The Dialectical Words in Blunden's Poems." No longer knarred (one of the country epithets which explain themselves), Mr. Blunden's verse has become as straightforward as his spirit. The first poem ("An Ancient Path") establishes it; so do the sonnets "The Immolation," "To a Spirit," "The Unquiet Eye." Even more suggestive are the lines entitled "Night-Wind."

> Along the lifted line of sombre green
> The sunset bonfire calms in golden space,
> The one hedge oak against the splendor seen
> Like a squat idol grossly stares at grace.
> The white star's come, no witness saw it come,
> The music is the night in reed and thorn;
> The young bird doubts and stirs, then nestles home,
> That winged dew rustles on.
>
> O Vesper-born,
> Stiff-necked I stand like that hewn knotty tree,
> As if heaven were my halo! Thy dim span
> Seemed scarce from fern to wildbriar; but began
> And died? Thy moment was infinity.
> I bowed not, trembled not; as though I were
> The carven botch of an idolater.

This is not to say that Mr. Blunden depends on spiritual values for his effects. Some of his verses make their appeal on a purely esthetic plane. Individual lines rise from their context as immediate as:

> Rosy belief uplifts her spires
> Anemone-frail in air . . .

or:

> The sun far-off surrendering his tired head.

But it is Mr. Blunden's very awareness of his limitations that keeps his eyes fixed on the familiar landscape. Never spectacular, not often arresting, his poetry rests on its appointed level—and remains poetry. Within the tradition, Mr. Blunden is secure.

DR. JOHNSON AND BOSWELL

From "The Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides," by James Boswell (Dutton).

See Phoenix Nest, page 310.

Arctic Annals

THE POLAR REGIONS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: Their Discovery and Industrial Evolution. By A. W. GREELY. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by VILJALMUR STEFANSSON

FOUR or five years ago, I discovered, to my great distress, that General A. W. Greely's "Handbook of Polar Discoveries," after running through five editions, had been allowed to go out of print. Judging from this, in 1910 the publishers apparently suffered from the common delusion that interest in polar discovery would subside gradually and soon disappear "now that Peary has found the North Pole."

There has never been a commoner delusion. An editor, commonly given credit for having built up one of the greatest newspapers in the world, told me in 1910 to mark his words, that never thereafter would anything connected with the Arctic or the north polar regions occupy any considerable space on the front pages of newspapers. That paper had up to that time considered itself doing well when it gave to the biggest northern story a three column head. Since then, that paper has run a seven column head over an Arctic story more than twenty times.

The editor said this to me in 1910, and 1910 is the date of the fifth edition after which the great work of General Greely was allowed to die. Now apparently this classic has been reborn after eighteen years. We need it more than ever. There is no doubt that interest in the North will continue to increase. Publisher and author alike have sensed the fact, however, that it is going to be a new kind of interest. The heroic figures, the isolated marchers and flyers are going to be fewer hereafter. The men may be just as brave, and their work just as worthy, but there will be so many of them that necessarily few can be conspicuous. On the part of the author, this is shown by a slight popularization of the text. The publisher has shown it by larger type and improved bookmaking in general. Jointly they have shown it in a new title. The work started out and ran through its five editions as a "Handbook of Polar Discoveries." Now it appears as "The Polar Regions in the Twentieth Century." Then follows a revealing sub-title, "Their Discovery and Industrial Evolution." In 1895, when the first edition was copyrighted, no one, not even the learned author, seems to have had any idea that there could be an "Industrial Evolution." It is good fortune that the book was little changed except that it was amplified and brought up to date. For in its field, it would have been difficult to improve.

Its plan, although adapted for a handbook, is in practice well suited to ordinary reading. It is to trace the discovery of the Arctic with reference to the segments into which it is divided. The story of each segment goes back to the very beginning, and comes down to 1928. It is as if, instead of having a history of Europe in one huge volume, you had a history of the main countries of Europe, each in a small volume. The volumes are not separated but are bound together under one cover.

* * *

General Greely is fitted in at least one respect beyond all men now living for the writing of this book. For, with a mind keen and resilient, he is nevertheless eighty-four years old. Although he began his Arctic field work in 1881, such a length of career is not approached by any explorer now living. In other ways General Greely is well equipped. Some explorers, for instance, have been occupied exclusively with remote frontiers, but Greely, in his capacity as a General in the United States Army, was stationed for a number of years in Alaska, which is both Arctic and sub-Arctic, and which, under his eye, was going through farming, mining, and pastoral development. True enough, this development was at that time confined to the sub-Arctic part of Alaska, and, as said, the early editions of the book do not indicate that Greely at that time foresaw the development of the Arctic segment. However, when that development came, he was in a better position than most to understand it.

General Greely was abrupt, bitter, and sometimes even violent in his middle years, but age has mellowed him and he is now generous where formerly he was no more than just. Many have reason to know that there was high feeling between Greely and Peary. Like many others of high standing, Greely was at first taken in by the specious claims of Dr. Cook, and he even put himself on record. He shows, therefore, breadth in changing his mind, and generosity to a rival when he says the following things, among others:

> By a series of voyages and sledge journeys unapproached in polar exploration, Robert E. Peary applied his assiduous and remarkable energy to the attainment of the North Pole

and

> With a persistence unsurpassed in Arctic annals, Peary renewed his polar quest in 1905.

It is a little unfortunate in this book, if we look upon it as popular, but entirely proper if we consider it technical, that Greely should record the doubt of several authorities that Peary was exactly at the mathematical North Pole. If properly understood, this statement will not interest the general reader at all. If he knows that Peary went as far as the North Pole, he is satisfied. It is merely an intricate astronomical and mathematical calculation whether there was an error of two or three miles. But those who read history and those who want to continue their opposition to Peary just because they once committed themselves to that view will misunderstand and thereafter misquote Greely on the Peary controversy, just as the fundamentalists have been misquoting Bateson on evolution. Bateson, a profound evolutionist, disbelieved one particular theory among the many that had been put forward to explain the facts, and was, for his pains, persistently misquoted as not believing evolution to be a fact. Greely is now in danger of being misquoted to the effect that Peary did not go as far as the North Pole, when he only means to say that from Peary's meth-

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ods, and considering his diary, there is room for some dispute as to mathematical exactness.

About the claim opposed to Peary's, Greely is explicit:

> Dr. Cook claimed to have reached the North Pole in 1906 (misprint for 1908), a claim generally and properly discredited.

The entire public may not find this book quite so indispensable as I do. I simply cannot get along without it, and bombarded the publishers with letters until they finally sent me a copy long in advance of the general reviewers. For I write books about the Arctic, too, and I constantly use Greely's accuracy against which to check details that come to me from other sources.

I have noted only one point in which the present issue is inferior to the fifth—the absence of a bibliography. Librarians should, for the use of scholars among their patrons, write into every copy of the 1928 edition "For extensive bibliography, see last chapter of fifth edition." Doubtless the publishers were trying to make the book look popular by having no bibliography or notes. It is strange, or perhaps it is ominous, that publishers seem so uniformly convinced that marks indicating particular accuracy or scholarship will frighten readers away. Apparently they are almost as convinced as theatrical producers and movie companies that the public shies away from anything that is "educational."

Newbold's Trail

THE CIPHER OF ROGER BACON. By WILLIAM ROMAINE NEWBOLD. Edited by ROLAND GRUBB KENT. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1928.

Reviewed by LOUIS CONS
University of Illinois

THE present book is a collection of notes and articles left by the late Newbold and arranged with piously intelligent care by Professor Kent. It does not pretend to be a complete work and it would be unfair to criticize it as such. The Cipher of Roger Bacon is the medium of expression used according to Newbold, in the Voynich manuscript. The Voynich manuscript is a small quarto about nine by six inches, containing 246 pages of which thirty-five are text only, while 211 show plates touched up for the most part with water-color. Mr. Voynich, who bought it in Europe sixteen years ago and brought it shortly after to America, inferred from its history that it might be one of the lost treatises in cipher by Roger Bacon. "The parchment, the ink, and the style of the drawings indicate, in the judgment of experts, England as the place and the thirteenth century as the time of origin." The entire manuscript with the exception of one sentence and a few interpolations on the last pages is in characters unused in any language.

Among the many who examined the MS. (including my most bewildered self) N. alone persisted and progressed. After months of groping he came to two conclusions: 1° Each apparently simple and single "hieroglyph" of which the writing of the Voynich manuscript consists is in reality composed of significant elements varying in number and so tenuous that they can be seen only with a magnifying glass. These significant elements are borrowed from Greek shorthand. Roger Bacon as a matter of fact alludes to Greek shorthand in his authenticated works just as in his "Opus Majus" he speaks of Chinese characters as so built up that "*faciunt in una figura plures literas comprehendentes unam dictionem.*" 2° As for the Cipher itself the key is contained in a Latin sentence and a few interpolations, all written in Roman characters, which stand out in solitary grandeur on the last page of the MS.

MIHI DABAS MULTAS PORTAS (*Thou gavest me many doors*). The number of letters in this sentence is exactly the number of letters in the sacred Hebrew Alphabet (as Roger Bacon well knew) and practically the number in the Roman Alphabet (twenty-two letters). According to N. the *portae* in question are the channels through which alphabetic values are transmitted from the Key Sentence to the 484 (or 529 according to an ulterior stage of N.'s research) biliteral symbols obtained by coupling each letter of the twenty-two-letter alphabet with the twenty-one others. Thus the initial step was to write the letters of the Roman alphabet in succession under the letters of the Key Sentence. From this simple operation are derived independently twelve other alphabets (two uniliteral and ten biliteral) the values of which are primarily based upon the order of the ordinary alphabet and that of the alphabet reversed. But these values, except in the Key itself, serve merely as *signs* from which the actual letters of the text are obtained by substituting for them their equivalents as given in the uniliteral reversion alphabet, this last being practically defined as that obtained by the opposition of the letters of the ordinary alphabet on the left of the letters of the Key Sentence (a=M, b=I, c=C, etc.). As for the biliteral alphabets they are derived by assigning to the letters of the Key Sentence, *taken no longer one by one but two by two*, alphabetic equivalents analogous to those of the uniliteral alphabets. The alphabetic values of the biliteral symbols were inferred from the phonetic values. This means that according to N. the definitive text was treated as written not in the traditional alphabet but in a simplified phonetic alphabet of eleven letters. For instance the name Bacon (read by N. in the Key Sentence with its interpolations) spells Pacen, the labials P and B being one single letter, as are the vowels E and O. This cutting in half of the ordinary alphabet enabled, of course, the scriptor to double up at a stroke the total number of symbols available for representing each individual letter. The vice, the perversity of this cipher (of which in the space at my disposal I can give only a very gross approximation), is its flexibility and the plethora of possible equivalents. The only proof that the deciphering is correct is the regular occurrence at close intervals of words appropriate in syntax and logic to the preceding text. The reconstruction is very slow and very hard work. The opaque screen of seven centuries between the cipherer and the decipherer is an obstacle to the clear apperception by the decipherer of associations of ideas and ellipses of language that would have been child's play for the confidential reader of the thirteenth century.

* * *

However, if ever a man of our own times was well armed for this struggle it was Newbold. Besides the gift for taking infinite pains, he had an astonishing familiarity with the thought and the lore of medieval times. At the same time the very fact that he was so deeply steeped in Baconian lore raises an objection: To what extent was he carried away by his subconscious knowledge? I believe that it is more difficult to ascribe all of N.'s readings to Chance and to the Subconscious than to the essential accuracy of his working principles. In spite of stupendous labor, N. succeeded before his untimely death in reading only a few pages of the Voynich MS. It seems to me that if his imagination had carried him away it would have carried him much faster. In the few pages deciphered, he read a number of items which, according to all probability and all probity, were not known to him and yet have been verified from other sources: the date of the comet of 1273, the location of the Great Nebula Andromeda; the annular eclipse of 1290; and, in cipher documents of the Latin form taken from the authenticated works of Roger Bacon, the account of riots at Oxford in 1273, as well as a strange and apparently unmanageable formula for the production of metallic copper, which on trial worked.

It is not only from N's readings but it is from the drawings of the Voynich MS. that emerges the sphinx-like figure of Roger Bacon as a forerunner of modern science. In his book, "The Medieval Renaissance" the eminent historian, Charles Homer Haskins, contests the creative originality of Roger Bacon. But if the Voynich MS. is the work of Bacon and even if one limits oneself to the most plausible interpretation of the plates, then we have a Roger Bacon armed with a microscope and a telescope as well as with astonishing powers of minute observation. (See especially Plates VII and VIII which N.'s interpretation shows to be the development of the Ovum). And if neither the MS. nor the plates are the work of Roger Bacon then we have to look for a new star in the sky of the medieval Renaissance.

The reviewer, laying his emaciated article on its Procrustean bed, can only hope that N.'s researches will be judged only by those who have taken the trouble to ponder thoroughly the book itself. May Newbold's great and pathetic memory be spared not only the light banter of heavy minds, but the mystic acquiescence of impulsive enthusiasts. He found the way, started on it, and fell. May other searchers take up the scent and follow Newbold's trail.

Growing Pains

(*Continued from page* 289)

guided by machinery until city and country alike become an extension of man's best self in which he moves freely and wisely, working little, playing much, acquiring leisure and judgment and taste. They admire machines so much that they believe man must and will live up to his creatures. So Emerson admired the potentialities of the human spirit, and felt that Concord had only to be told of what it could accomplish in order to have the thing done.

We are always worshipping some new god in this country—Jehovah of the Puritans, Manifest Destiny, Free Land and the Pioneer, The Old Oaken Bucket, Prosperity. Perhaps it will do us good to romanticize the machine. But it is to be hoped that some American intellectuals will stay in the opposition. Wit, learning, and polished imaginations, have all, as Professor Beard said in last week's *Review*, come from minds urbanized in the industrial city. Flora and the country green have not been remarkable for progress. But we do not want progress in everything. If it has taken a town to shape a wit, it has often required some essential relationship to nature and the soil to bring it to the ripeness of expression. Professor Beard's literary men most of them lived, or had lived, in the country. You can't yet make October by machinery. So let us not write ballads only of machinery, etch only railroad yards and skyscrapers, snuff coal smoke too greedily, praise architecture in proportion to its raucousness, hold up an automobile for every family as an ultimate ideal, until there are proofs that industrial man can be made to use his new advantages. For at bottom the whole question is whether the individual can survive the mechanical improvement of the mass.

The books mentioned above are to be recommended, for they are calculated to enlighten many who do not yet realize what profound changes are being wrought by merely making wheels go round faster and new waves traverse the air. In the course of the argument it becomes clear that the peevish intellectuals of the last decades were often criticizing America for what were only the growing pains of the Industrial Revolution.

Jack Conway, widely admired in theatrical circles and New York journalism, died suddenly in Bermuda on October 2, of heart disease. Conway had been for fifteen years on the staff of *Variety*, and was highly esteemed by the theatrical profession as a shrewd, saline, fearless critic. His specialties as a reviewer were vaudeville, burlesque, and musical comedy; but he was principally noted as the originator of a large proportion of the Broadway argot that has spread so widely in recent years. Many writers far better known to the general public were not slow to pick up the brilliant verbal tricks that Jack Conway originated spontaneously in the columns of *Variety*. He was not merely a playboy in slang: he was a careful student of the vulgate lingo, and had long projected a slang dictionary.

More than any journalist of recent times, Jack Conway was a specialized product of Broadway, and the theatrical profession mourned his untimely death with profound sorrow. *Variety* said of him "Jack Conway was the apotheosis of Broadway's soul. He was its interpreter, its biographer, its historian. Because he made Broadway laugh, he made Broadway cry. Because he loved Broadway, Broadway loved him. Because he belonged, Broadway let him take liberties with Broadway. Because he wrote as he thought, Broadway thought as he wrote. Because he was on the level they respected him on the Square."

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The Two-Edged Blade

GIANTKILLER. By ELMER DAVIS. New York: 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
Author of "John Brown's Body"

MR. DAVIS'S title cuts both ways. That it should do so is obviously his intention—and that it does so too neatly is the central fault of his book. Through the long and adroitly-woven tapestry of his first historical novel, two figures walk together—David, the artist-politician, eternally deluding others into killing his giants for him—Joab, the man of blood, the necessary tool and scapegoat of statecraft, the fellow who obeys his orders through blood to a bloody end. The men of blood do the fighting, the kings take the credit. Above them is a God who cares only for results—and between them, under that God, they make Israel a nation so that David may die in a soft bed at last, eaten up by his own appetites, and Joab wonders, with our most popular modern brand of disillusion, just what it was all about, in the moment before he faces Benaiah's spear. That is the theme of the book—it is a satiric theme—and readers who expect to find in Mr. Davis's revaluation of bygone strifes in Palestine any trace of that quality so vaguely called glamor are hereby warned away. Mr. Davis is not going to stand any nonsense from the Old Testament when it comes to miracles—and the Philistine at last has his day in court.

All of which may sound as if "Giantkiller" were, first of all, a dry book, and second, a bigoted one, with that peculiarly narrow form of bigotry which consists in substituting blackwash for whitewash when dealing with figures of legend. It is neither. It is a packed and rapid narrative which, in describing a confused period and a set of peoples as confused as the time, often does so with a really remarkable clarity and skill. The exceedingly involved clan-politics of Israel and Judah are unravelled for the average reader with great adroitness—and where, as Mr. Davis frankly admits in his "Author's Note," he has either guessed or resorted to deliberate anachronisms—all one average reader can say is that the guesses seem extremely plausible and that the anachronisms do not jar. And there is more than that. There is, in the superb sketch of Abner, a genuine human being—and that of an uncommon stripe—clearly seen, clearly set down, consistent with himself and his time. And, in many places in the book, there are such things as the smell of a foreign countryside, the noise of an army on the march, the uproar of battle, the strange shifts and compromises of men in exile—all admirably done. Here Mr. Davis has seen and created justly, without regard for his thesis—and here he is at his best.

* * *

As far as the controversial aspects of the book are concerned, this reviewer has little to say. Such incidents as the accidental killing of Goliath (who is only some eight feet high with his helmet off) by a drunken soldier and David's subsequent theft of the trophy-head will irritate a certain class of readers as surely as it will delight another class. And neither their irritation nor their delight will have any particular bearing on the merits or demerits of "Giantkiller" as a novel. I for one am entirely willing to take Mr. Davis's word for it that he has studied his sources and that his history "embodies the soundest conclusions of modern critical scholarship"—with a slight mental reservation that even "the soundest conclusions of modern critical scholarship" may not have the infallibility of a Papal Bull. In any case, it is Mr. Davis's business, as a writer, to deal with his material as he chooses, once he has assembled his testimony. As for the actual talk of his characters—they certainly do not speak the English of the King James Version (as why should they?), but he has in the main resisted the temptation of having them drop into contemporary slang just to show what good fellows they are.

A somewhat less obvious temptation he has not resisted. When Nathan the prophet, for instance, congratulates the hosts of Israel on "a victory for clean living"—well, the victory may be one for Mr. Davis's satire, but it is a pretty obvious victory, pretty obviously gained. The same defect mars the character of Bathsheba, who starts out credibly enough and then in her "big scene" with Joab—and there is nothing else to call it but a "big scene"—suddenly begins talking like the heroine in an unsuccessful first draft of an early novel by Shaw. These characters have been real for a while, then suddenly they are puppets again, pushed about on the stage to make a point of irony. But the point is too easy a one—and we have seen the same puppets too many times before.

It is here, I think, that we touch upon the central flaw in the book. Mr. Davis persists in shooting sitting game—and his David, for all the care and pains expended upon him, becomes more of a target than a man before the book is half over. The red-haired boy, so drunk on his own verse that he knows he can kill the giant, waking sobered next morning to face the incredible fact that he has actually promised to do so—that boy may not be Scriptural, but he is entirely believeable. But, later on, he becomes a little too conveniently the complete scoundrel necessary to Mr. Davis's thesis—a sort of humorless (and ultimately both craven and bloodthirsty) Charles II adorned with the conventional eccentricities of a second-rate poet of the 'nineties. We still follow his devious sleights with interest, but it is the interest devoted to a series of card-tricks rather than to a character. How will Mr. Davis rationalize this miracle—and how will he get around that one?—and it says a good deal for Mr. Davis's abilities in rationalization, that we continue to follow till the end. True, there is always Joab, and it is upon Joab that the emphasis of the story quite rightly rests. But even Joab, once he is back from wandering after strange gods, becomes more the Strong Silent Man Who Doesn't Understand Women or Politicians than the living being he was before.

A DRAWING BY THEODORE SCHEEL OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

For that is what Mr. Davis has done. He has made a colorable and lively reconstruction of a bygone age—and he has created certain characters. But these characters he has set in a rigid scheme of satire, and where the scheme and the characters do not jibe, he has sacrificed the characters to the scheme. I am not inveighing against satire—I am certainly not questioning either the fitness or the propriety of Mr. Davis's applying it to a Biblical theme. But I do think that in this particular book, Mr. Davis has allowed his thesis to override him and that he has thrown away too often certain essential values of narrative in order to make an easy satiric point. It is a spirited and readable novel—it will be widely read and much discussed. But essentially it goes no deeper than the plaster. And I think that Mr. Davis intended something more.

An enterprise that has been delayed by various difficulties belonging to the unusualness of the task, is about to come to fruition at last. Chapman & Hall of London are about to issue in succession the more famous works of legend, fable, and romance belonging to the chief lands of the East. Sir Denison Ross is the editor. The first volume is to be "Hitopadesa," the old Sanskrit collection of Indian stories for instruction through amusement. Its frontispiece is a jungle-fantasy, and the introduction, by Lionel Barnett, of the Bristol Museum, is both learned and lively.

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Black, White, and Tan

THE COMING OF THE LORD. By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EARL A. ALDRICH

THE central narrative of this novel, the theme which is, as novel, its excuse for being, is simple and easily told. It concerns primarily Saul Nathan, Jew and physician, fresh from a London hospital, who comes to Gibeon, a South African Gopher Prairie, to build up a practice. Lack of other intellectual companionship throws him with Hermia Duerden, wife of Arnold Duerden, late of the British army, who should never have been demobilized, for he has not the intelligence to make a living at his profession. His wife loves, pardons, and supports him. She and Saul are attracted to one another chiefly for things of the mind, but this would not be a twentieth century novel—perhaps not a novel at all—if they felt no more. Various motives bring Dr. Diethelm, German physician in Gibeon, to taunt Arnold in public about the affair. Arnold beats him severely, and Hermia and Saul, rendered increasingly self-conscious, proceed to a curious scene in which Saul reluctantly reveals to Hermia his slowly rising passion. She is repelled but interested and expectant; there is no telling the outcome had not Arnold arrived on the scene. Saul, completely unstrung, continues his theme and is thrown from the house. Arnold closes his life to Hermia, who leaves his house and passes out of the story; Saul is put out of the way by a machine-gun bullet.

This, as was said, is the plot, and it is in itself unremarkable, except perhaps in its analysis of Saul and of Hermia Duerden, who enjoys using her sex, though she has no desire to play the game out. The real excellence lies in the telling. As a picture of the way in which a pair that amid ordinary conditions could have been friends, but no more, for years or for life, are by externalities pushed into disaster the story is clever, even brilliant. Mrs. Millin tells it impersonally and well; she keeps her hands off in an extraordinary fashion. The chief fault to be found with her "action" is that it falls to pieces and disperses, as if the author did not know when her people were affected by their experiences. It fails, if a good book may so fail, in artistry.

* * *

Nor is this the only artistic defect, though to the casual reader the others may seem rather to be excellences. The interest of the book is made greater than the plot warrants by factitious complications. One is a pervading atmosphere of national and racial prejudice, part of which is justifiable, affecting the story itself, since it enters into the congeries of motives involved in Saul and Hermia, and since it is one of the motives that makes Diethelm publicly taunt Duerden about his wife. But this racial difficulty involves not only English, Germans, and Jews; it also entangles the imported Hindus and the native African stocks—Kaffirs, Bantus, and the like. Hence much of it is really external to the central theme, but it is given an artificial prominence by a series of incidents which are intruded into the main strand and seem a part of it, since they remotely implicate the central characters. Yet they are not truly necessary to the story. The second external element is the presence on a plateau near Gibeon of twenty-five hundred primitive black Christians, calling themselves Levites. At the bottom of their faith, and accounting for their presence, is an impractical literal interpretation of Holy Writ, which has led them to consume all that they had in expectation of a sabbath year of rest, during which the Lord would come again, and in which he would provide for his own. The failure of the Lord to do either is the cause of crescent uneasiness in Gibeon, and the uneasiness gives Arnold Duerden his chance to be of consequence. He raises a company of Vigilants and when the failure of supplies within the Levite camp is succeeded by hunger and theft he leads an attack on the blacks, the attack in which Saul meets his convenient but imperfectly motivated end.

All these things together make an unusual book, and in spite of the foregoing criticism it can be said that the racial problem and the menacing encampment of Levites are not necessarily extrinsic. A novel conceived on a large scale might well comprehend them all. But this novel is not conceived on a large scale. It is conceived in parts. The links which bind Saul and the Duerdens to the blacks

are not close enough. The racial problem is often merely a complicating, not a necessary, factor. It is almost fair to say that the Levites exist only to give the book an atmosphere of uneasiness and tension, and to provide some means for killing Saul. Yet the battle might quite as well have killed Duerden, a result which would perhaps have solved the human problem, whereas the death of Saul left matters at loose ends. The realist may object, "But that is life." And to that objection there is one reply, sufficient, though its sufficiency is not understood by realists: it is the function of art to perceive life in wholes, to see the pervading unity of action, to catch up the ends which men call loose, and to show that movements which are significant to the human soul have their results in the soul. Saul, it is true, died, and what his soul felt we cannot know; but Hermia and Arnold Duerden lived on. What were the abiding results in them? And that is something which Mrs. Millin has failed to tell us.

A Gay Fantasia

JINGLING IN THE WIND. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. New York: Viking Press. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

NOTHING Miss Roberts does is unworthy of careful attention; and while readers should be warned that this is a gay fantasia, a bit of harlequinade, a fabric of mockery, they should also realize that it is not all mere frivolity. Her bubble of nonsense is streaked with satire and occasionally iridescent with beauty. It is a tale to be read, not too seriously, but deliberately, to savor its unusual qualities. The slow poetic verity of "The Time of Man" and the grim staccato probing of "My Heart and My Flesh," the one a picture of the happy vagabond traits of the South and the other of its worst elements of social degeneration, have given way to a mood of saucy gaiety, largely divorced from section or time. Miss Roberts has leaped with Alice through the looking glass and found behind it a land that is half America and half cloudland in a diverting mixture.

Jeremy of Jason County, professional rainmaker, is the hero; a student, a man of good plain sense, and a mixer, "not stuck up and all big words and the like, but easy to know." Yet he is also a poet. He lives with his brother and sister-in-law, Clara Belle; he has the quiet country tastes suitable to his upbringing and poetic mind, but he nevertheless thirsts a little for experience; and as he walks in his lonely way with phantoms of his own creation, chiefly women, he longs for flesh and blood. He stands high in his calling, and nobody is better at sitting "all night in his seat in the cab of the rain instrument conducting a shower." Obviously he needs a helpmeet, and in the end this book is enough of a romance to supply him one. He courts and marries Tulip McAfee, herself a rainmaker of great fame, and with her settles down to the work of conducting a Masculine Renaissance.

Before this happens, Jeremy has left Jason County, travelled afar, and met many men and adventures. These travels begin when he is induced to visit the Rainmakers' Convention, held in the metropolis, where he is ultimately hailed as the chief of the craft and all but worshipped by the public as a Rain Bat. On this momentous trip he goes first to Hummingbird, a busy little town, and from it takes a motorbus which finally breaks down "beside a liquidambar tree a few paces from a gnarled thornbush." The company gather on the grass, and tell stories, which fill up a good part of Miss Roberts's slender volume. Of these tales the best is easily that of the man in pepper and salt clothes, who relates the career of Lester Tookington and his wife Zelda. These are once-aged people who have taken gland treatment—the wife twice—and been reduced to the happy twenties. Unfortunately, Zelda has a bad habit of recalling events of the far past, such as the Specie Circular of 1836, the Nullification Ordinance, and the political rallies when Van Buren was out for President. The ensuing complications are crazy, but in their fashion instructive. So, equally, are the complications in the clergyman's story of Adam, whose dialogues with various persons in the Garden of Eden, 4004 B. C., provoke a general discussion under the liquidambar tree. In this discussion, as in the tales, we suspect Miss Roberts of meaning rather more than meets the casual eye.

affair, in whose doings we perceive dimly a good many familiar figures. There is Ahab Crouch, the evangelist, who leads a terrific assault upon the scientific rain-producers because their achievements seem to conflict with the idea of God's omnipotent and exclusive control of the weather. This fundamentalist has to be crushed, and Jeremy, who conducts the triumphant rain-display at the convention, does it. Another figure is the great magnate Breed, who rules the convention city from his Capitoline suite. He is surrounded with "lesser men of wealth, hawk-eyed, beak-nosed. Medicis, love-me-for-the-world-is-mine men of a thousand tricks, fuddled with getting, having yachts, camps, polo ponies, beauties, universities, dairy farms, and presidents among their gimcracks." They conduct a search at this convention for a poet, whose time they hope to buy on a cheaper basis than the standard $400 a year rate. Unfortunately the poets are all gone. They have been sent out of America by foundations and philanthropists offering fat prizes and fellowships to keep them in Europe, and the only one who remains is a poor disguised fellow who proves only half satisfactory.

* * *

In the end the convention culminates in a great procession, offering yet another opportunity for Miss Roberts's mixture of madcap gaiety, poetry, and satire. Jeremy as the all-worshipped Rain-Bat holds a prominent place in the proceedings. Behind soldiery and police in the parade come two monstrous giants, cheek to jowl, their stride eight yards in length; giants of whom we seem to have heard in this campaign year. "One was named Forbidding and the other was Ginbreath. It was said that they engendered each other, for they were of such a substance or kind that where they touched together they were continually renewed. They were not alike in appearance, for while both had long jaws and slouch ears, Forbidding was ascetic about the mouth, and had a lean countenance in spite of his good-fellowship with the other. Ginbreath had a loose lip and smiling cheek, but he was ascetic about the skull." However, Jeremy breaks away from the noisy procession, and especially from the entourage of the greatest giant of them all, Bruitabout or Advertising, to seek the country and hold communion under a bush with a spider.

Many readers—perhaps most—will not like this fantastic and erratic tale. Many more will, we should trust, like its beautiful style, its recurrent sentences and paragraphs of rare beauty, its mocking and elusive satire. It is a gentle, clouded form of satire, sometimes rather wistful, and seldom more than reproachful. It is a mockery that shifts and changes in color and form from page to page, usually defying analysis. The poetry dances, disappears, and reappears. To enjoy the book the reader must surrender himself to its capricious humor, its elfish alternation of tenderness and laughter, its opal combination of fire and vapor, its sudden ascents from rough homeliness to lyricism. We hope Miss Roberts will not do it again; that she will go back to the form and spirit of her first and greatest success, "The Time of Man." But we can be glad that she has paused to do it once.

Modern Lighting

ALL day—speaking for these islands—our tone of living is conditioned for us: rain-light, sunlight, penetrating fogginess, or a metallic sunlessness that lets nothing through. Windows admit these facts, mirrors record them; we modify them the little that we may. But past twilight, we can create circumstance. In the smaller visible world we enlarge personally. Living is less that affair of function we were forced to suspect, more an affair of esthetics. Coming in, going out, sitting still, looking—all our little tentative touches upon the actual gain in deliberation. We can arrange our lighting. We work like sculptors upon these blocks of pregnant darkness rooms have become. We can control shadow, place, check, and tone light. The response from a light-switch, the bringing in of a candle is acute, personal as a perception.

literary recognitions. We have travelled—been carried—some way since "She lit all the lamps to give the room a festive appearance" and "the firelight had a cheerful glow." All the time, we permit those writers to sharpen perception for us to the foremost, most brittle pencil-point, upon which at the ever-expected, supreme personal crisis we should not dare to press. In this case, we have uncovered for exploitation that most profound, implicit sensitiveness of our childhood—to the *idea* of light. Light as a sinister energy, not the universal mild exposure of day. There was the lamp-lighter mystery, the tabu on matches, that response—with dread—to poetry: "Lead Kindly Light," "The Dong with the Luminous nose"; that excitement, before the most homely approach, of light coming up through bannisters on a staircase wall, the L of a door widening.

* * *

Who—since Da Vinci's note-books first made the thing explicit—first carried on to literature this exploitation of a particular sensitiveness? It was in "Madame Bovary" with its recurrent "crepuscule" that I had my first literary sense of the Vinci-esque chiaroscuro. The peculiar horror of Emma Bovary's fight for emotional survival is that it seems to be carried on in a succession of cold Norman half-lights: her domestic interior, woods, riverside, muffled hotel bedroom; the death-panic in those darkening fields. Conrad's chiaroscuro is remarkable: his chief power. In "Victory," man and woman talk in a room "like a cage" from the shadows cast on the wall from a lantern set on the floor. The old merchant with his candle precedes Lord Jim down a chain of dark rooms stacked with polished furniture. Stevenson mastered the method: particularly, a moving candle tightens the mood of "Markheim." Throughout the "Tales," Poe flourishes the Method: those red window-panes, the moon grinning suddenly *through* the splitting house-walls. Proust's pressure upon one's nerves of his super-reality—first pleasurable, then almost agonizing—works this way: that intolerable high-up Bulks bedroom is glazed with sea-reflections. St. Loup's favored restaurant casts out into the fog its squares of light. Swann has to explain to the Duchesse, with embarrassment, how his death may prevent him from going with her to Italy—in social summer half-light, before a ball. In just how deep a tone of dusk Allbutine played the pianola, we shall not forget. . . . In "Wuthering Heights" firelight is demoniacal, like nursery firelight through a fevered night.

But genius and even very high talent transcend method, manner, to blunder, almost, upon these felicities. The best in writing to-day is its fine rather humble craftsmanship, of which manner is at once the tool and the enemy. Writers need an intense guardedness, a *flair* for the first breath of decline or exhaustion equal only to the modiste's. Already, perhaps, the "usual" manner is beginning to be discarded. There may be a return to sheer narrative, the: "And then . . . and then . . ." the suspense-element, no pause to say: "And picture. . . ." The appeal will be chiefly to the ear. Responses will become elementary. Firelight will, once more, signalize only the momentous return of the traveller out of the dark and rain.

* * *

Perhaps then we shall stage our lives less carefully. . . . But meanwhile, this affectability of our's has been recognized commercially. The Shops will nurse this fad, like other fads, with a certain tenderness. Electric candlesticks are delicate with shields, to turn light back against the panelling. Impenetrably ornate pendant bowls toss light up to the ceiling, away from the eyes. Quite out of date is the diffused mild rosiness in which the Edwardian ladies bared, to drawing-rooms, their unscorched shoulders, but the shops are now bright with secretive, pleated shades which can space a whole room out into colored islands. And in these, or under, we appear as we would wish to appear and have our friends all "placed" to perfection. Only in the remoter English provinces, in Irish cities where we are naive with dignity, does incandescence still blare unchecked and electricity frown boldly. And in the villa drawing-rooms of North Oxford light comes down steep, distending intellectual eyeballs, outraging a sense kept delicate for the faint relief of façades and silver outlines on the Cherwell trees. Powerful minds interlock, and meanwhile light drifts and trickles down on the moiré wallpaper.

ELIZABETH BOWEN.

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The Bowling Green

A Casual Anthology

THE other day, having tea in a country library on Long Island, my eye fell upon a little copy of Cobden-Sanderson's *Credo*, which I had never seen before. It belongs to a lady who was herself a pupil of Cobden-Sanderson and is an understanding curator of beautiful things. She gave me permission to reprint it here. Only a few copies were printed, at the famous Doves Press in Hammersmith (in 1908) and probably not many in this audience have seen it.

CREDO

¶ I BELIEVE IN INFINITE SPACE AND IN ETERNAL TIME.

¶ I believe in the innumerable & infinitely distant stars.

¶ I believe in the sun, & in the wanderers, the planets.

¶ I believe in the earth, and in the silver moon; & I believe in day & night, in the seasons, summer & winter, & spring & autumn; and

¶ I believe and I see that as the earth turns upon itself we pass into the light and wake to life & die downward into darkness and the sleep of rest, and that we are one in life and sleep with the earth's self; and

¶ I believe & see that as the earth, turning upon itself, whirls round the sun, the earth wakes to life in spring, to the full pomp of summer, and dies rhythmically downward to autumn, and to the sleep of winter, and round & round to other springs, and other summers, year after year, age after age; & I see that in the seasons, too, man is one & one with the earth, & with the sun, and in their changes lives; and

¶ I believe & see that nor the sun, nor earth, nor man has been always thus; but as the earth wakes to spring so has the universe awoken out of seeming nothing & passed outward into all forms of Being; and

¶ I believe and see that the universe so awoke before man was, & passed into life unwitnessed and alone.

¶ Then man came.

¶ And I believe and see that in man's mind the world of the unwitnessed past, and of today, comes to consciousness & in man's mind is man. And

¶ I believe and see that the brightly illumined to-day, or the shadowed rest of to-night, is but as the turning of a page of the great Book, the Book of Life, and that to-morrow and to-morrow, other illumined pages, will be turned for other and other races & other & other generations of mankind, given out by the ever-giving earth for its own astonishment and delight, whilst we of to-day shall have passed into the eternal silence of all that has been, as into the night passes the day, and into winter summer.

¶ Such is the universe, such, of man, the Vision. To see, to be, to do, to die forgetting all, such is man's life; whilst for other times, for other men, the vision survives, ever widening, ever deepening, till all shall be in all and Progress cease; then shall the great world begin again, & mind, to witness it; but of that new world & witness, who shall to-day so much as dream! for man to-day is the world only of to-day, and before he dies forgetting it, let each man stand up and see and witness to it! It is around us; it is ourselves. To the uttermost rim, then, push the Vision of to-day, see it, be it, live it, then die to give place to the minds yet to be born, & over our grave shall eternal Time, the mother of all that is, keep watch, perhaps keep watch till another Life begin!

¶ This is the Vision, the life, of man; & of it shall be born all things noble, and all things just, the tenderness of the infinitely great, the greatness of the infinitely little, the love of holiness and of God, man's maker and his own.

T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON, 1906.

I recall your magnanimous commands. To avoid allusiveness and the mixing of themes. To beware in this dangerous mission women's souls and poor men's drink. To flee the two enemies of writing, laziness and sickening industry. Not "to seek smartness by hiding enthusiasm," as our old wives' proverb has it. To remain solitary without being lonely, and active but not busy.

—WILLIAM BOLITHO, in The New York *World*.

Cheltenham, Pa., writes:

I wish you would look up the Chicago *Open Court*, August 1908, and read *Pigs in a Vegetarian Sunday School*. It is about a vegetarian conventicle which was turned into a sausage mill, justifying my moral: "On the physical plane the Devil is stronger than God." The article was confirmed by the then vegetarian pastor, Henry S. Clubb, of Colchester and Philadelphia (1827-1921).

After the death of the late Charles Vale, the brilliant cataloguer of the Anderson Galleries, the following unpublished poem was found among his papers:

KESTREVEN

If I might walk, when I am dead,
Among the places I have known;
If sometimes, restless, I might tread
In spirit where my flowers have grown;
Could watch the things I still shall crave,
Though I must pass unseen, alone,
I should not care in what strange grave
The empty husk of me were thrown.
But howsoever wide the sky
Or broad the bounds of any heaven
Or deep the tomb where I might lie,
I'd come back home to old Kestreven:
Unless life ends in endless sleep
And all is darkness when we die
And there is nothing we may keep
Of this mirage that passes by.

Captain Felix Riesenberg, in his spirited weekly causerie in the *Nautical Gazette*, describes his sensations during a recent voyage to Germany—his first sea voyage as a passenger in twenty years:

My first seidel of Pilsner gave me quite a shock. After a long apprenticeship with near-beer I looked for the familiar bubbling of the stuff, and the sudden but evanescent foam of the *ersatz* article. There was no bubbling of the brew, and the collar was as firm and heavy as cream, and hung on with no sign of abatement. With great and unholy satisfaction you lift the seidel to your unaccustomed lips and take a great breath of the amber liquor. You do not then fall down into a drunken stupor and immediately squander all of your life's savings, nor do you start in to beat up the wife, or whale the suffering kids with whatever comes to hand. My own testimony, speaking as a first-class passenger, is that you feel remarkably refreshed, and just a bit more human. The economic situation remains almost as before, for the cost is seven and a half cents for a quarter liter, and the government (of the German Reich) has placed a mark on the glass so that no cheating can occur in the matter of too deep a collar. The government intends that you shall get all the beer you pay for. This strange notion made me quite dizzy, for a moment, until I sobered up on a second seidel, just to make sure that all was real.

A certain New York club, which by longstanding etiquette is never identified in public print, congratulates itself in its bulletin to members upon improvements made in the kitchen:

Food can now be cooked in the kitchen by a chef without asbestos feet. He no longer has to stand on the stove. There is ample storage for our other egg, and the tripe which must be kept at all times for Don Marquis can now be housed in some other way than by hanging it on a line like a blanket. So vast are the ice boxes that it may be necessary to purchase a dog team for the use of the staff when they enter in search of steak.

Speaking of the mysterious picture on the old curtain at the Rialto Theatre, Hoboken, Margaret A. Johnston writes from the All States Hotel, Washington, D. C., that:

Our curtain at the Belasco (or perhaps the National) in Washington thrilled my youthful soul; it was the signpost to thrills to come. It was labelled *Psyche at the Court of Venus*. Would I could see it again!

Others have made the same suggestion. Perhaps the Lee Lash Studios, specialists in theatre curtains, can tell us. Who was the original artist of the Psyche at the Court of Venus painting? Are there any photos of it available, so that we can compare it with our curtain in Hoboken?

A lively correspondence ensued upon our admission that the Book of the Month Club wanted to know where Fambaya, D. F., is. Some suggested that D. F. meant District of Fayoum, in Egypt; some voted for French Dahomey, some for Tierra del Fuego. But V. B. Kaylor of the International Booksellers, Inc., Mr. Penrose Berman of the Beck Engraving Company, and Mr. Herman Toaspern, specialist in rare postage stamps, were the first of many to arrive with what is obviously the right answer. D. F. stands for Districtio Federal, which corresponds in Mexico to our D. C. for District of Columbia; and Fambaya is a suburb of Mexico City.

I print Mr. Toaspern's valuable letter:

One of your subscribers dashed madly into my office yesterday, uttering weird cries, defying me to answer your questions regarding Fambaya, D. F. He not only demanded the geographical location, but also demanded the meaning of "D. F."

His challenge was probably due to the fact that on more than one occasion I have chidded him on spending his money for books, instead of for a stamp collection and parts therefore. Naturally this is always done *without* mercenary motives, just merely because no one can have a well rounded education until they have formed some sort of a stamp collection.

I informed him that the abbreviation "D. F." might stand for one of three things: first, Departmento Federal; second, Districtio Federal, and third, Book Collectors, particularly First Edition buyers!

Sixteen years of my life have been devoted to stamps and stamp collecting, and when your subscriber again demanded an answer, I did not temporize, especially as he agreed with you that it might be in Africa. I told him.

Why did you select Africa?

The three possible tongues used in Africa likely to have a "aya" combination are Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch. The Dutch and South Afrikaander would use "ij" for the sound. A letter addressed to any colony in Africa owned by Spain or Portugal would have to have the name of the country. That's Africa finished!

Using the basis of a Spanish or Portuguese combination, we find Mexico, Argentine, and Venezuela using "D. F." as Districtio Federal, and countries like the Colombian Republic using the same for Departmento Federal in naming their States, i. e., Cundinamarca, Boyaco, Bolivar, etc.

It must be Mexico!

In writing to a man in Mexico we could address him as follows: "Mr. John Jones, Mexico D. F." and have it go straight to him. Mexico is, first, the name of a nation, enclosed in which is the State of Mexico, lying in the valley of Mexico, the capital of which is Toluca. Surrounded by Mexico (except on the South) (State), in Mexico (Country), is Mexico D. F. (Federal District), the Capital of which is Mexico (City). Fambaya should be "D. F." alone.

I would respectfully suggest that you advise the Book of the Month Club that when they next engage an office boy, they stipulate he be a stamp collector. Then, when the mailing list is divided into sections, Madagascar will be under the heading of Africa, and we stamp people can rest comfortably at night.

HERMAN TOASPERN, 51 West 48 Street.

A client in Blandinsville, Illinois, offers the following rhymes. Fitting them to some of our friends among the Grub Street Runners we found a small snort of merriment rising among the midriff; wherefore we pass them on:

THE PUBLISHER'S YOUNG MAN

It was in a Bowery Mission
A Publisher's Young Man
Arose with tears to testify,
And thus his ranting ran:
My friends, it's hard to Liveright,
I'm sure no Coward (Mc) Cann,
It made Charles and Albert Boni
To attempt it. I began
The struggle many years ago
And if I were to say
What trials have beset me
'Twould require a Doubleday.
You hope you'll all be Harpers
And twang celestial choirs
Instead of forming fuel for
Mephistophelian fires,
But reflect upon your records
As angels jot them down:
If not entirely black, they are
At least a Little Brown.
Oh, heed my timely warning,
Repent while yet you can,
I never speak at Random,
Said the Publisher's Young Man.

NINA TREGO.

Often one thinks letters on the train; rarely one writes them. This therefore, mailed from a Southern city, was a special pleasure:

I am writing to you from the Dixie Flyer, bound for Tennessee. This will explain and (I hope) excuse a chirography that is only a little better on terra firma.

I've brought my favorite weekly, *The Saturday Review*, along, to while away the hours on the train, and I must tell you now, while the resolution is young and full of sap, that a train is a perfect place in which to read it. There is a certain mental release that train-riding gives. Such irrelevant things as phone calls, home duties, and social obligations cannot, in the nature of things, crop up to interfere with my enjoyment. I'm going to ask the porter (who may be another Claude McKay for aught I know) to tell me the location of Fambaya, D. F. Please Adam and Evesdrop again and give us more Sincere Friendship Club documents. We are now passing through the gently rolling farm lands of Kentucky. Brilliant sunshine, autumn tints on the trees, a slight nip in the air.

A READER.

We can't expect our readers to be riding in trains all the time so that they can give whole attention to the S. R. L. But, as I have often said before, some of the through trains might very well carry the current copy of the magazine for the benefit of the occasional philosophic passenger. How about it, Dixie Flyer?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"There is a suggestion of a bygone age about the protest made by the Lord of the Manor of Buckland, on Dartmoor, against the rejection of the Prayer Book measure," says *John O'London's Weekly*. "Two or three months ago visitors to Buckland Beacon, a spot well known to holiday makers, were surprised to find some rocks on the summit concealed behind a hoarding. Day after day mysterious activities went on there, and when the hoarding was removed it revealed two dates, the Ten Commandments, and a reference to the 14th verse of the 33rd chapter of Job, carved on a mass of granite. The dates were those on which the House of Commons decided against the Revised Prayer Book (although the inscription does not say so); the verse indicated is 'For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not.' Just that and nothing more. I can see the tourists."

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Let It Die!

NULLIFICATION is America's word of the hour. Sometimes a sacred principle of U. S. government is nullified because it is inconsistent with the principles which, more recently developed, have greater effect in the modern conduct of government. Sometimes a specific law is nullified because, for one reason or another, it is unenforcable. Yet nullification ranks with Communism as one of the few political words which are actively repellent to our politically insensitive nation. This, of course, is because the basis of our government is a written constitution: so that to question its virtue is to question the virtue of the State itself—an exercise which no electorate can be expected to distinguish from treason. Because a constitution is impersonal it is at once less flexible than a dynasty and less easy to attack. Thus it must frequently be evaded and perpetually saluted. When evasion is impossible and the irresistible force of a grievance encounters the immovable body of a scripture, the body is removed; for in this respect history differs from physics.

Eventually the Constitution of 1789 will become inoperative. Whether this will result from the conquest of the United States by a foreign power or from the conquest of other vast territories by the United States or from the return of the ice age or simply from its complete amendment is not a matter of contemporary interest. We are, however, faced with the fact that for the second time in our history a great part (possibly even a majority) of the American people have a grievance against the Constitution, and that this grievance is vociferous, and that there is no demonstrable prospect of relief. Lest relief should be unwarrantedly sought along the avenue of evasion, the singular Mr. Borah has long since blocked that road with the No Nullification sign, knowing well that none dare pass such a hoodoo while there remains a Borah voice to advertise the sacrilege. But, of course, a hoodoo, like a king, suffers from excessive exposure unless it be a very great king or a very great hoodoo. It is, therefore, permissible to examine the idea of Nullification with a view to determining whether it is really a great heresy; and, if not, what is the condition of a constitution which is no longer protected by the belief that to nullify is anathema.

The inquiry begins, of course, with the political implications of Prohibition. It is difficult to believe that anything short of revolution can revoke the Eighteenth Amendment within thirty years. The Mormons of Utah plus the 77,000 inhabitants of Nevada plus the Solid South can alone keep the Amendment where it is. The possibility of a *radical* amendment to the Amendment seems almost equally remote. Then, too, the political philosopher will observe that the forces of Protestantism have become so overtly identified with Prohibition that any serious attempt radically to alter the Eighteenth Amendment presents a challenge which Protestantism can scarcely decline with honor, now. Struggles involving religion are notoriously long.

Therefore, it is perfectly true that when Smith or any private citizen advocates a change in the effect of the Federal prohibition laws, the result of his advocacy, if successful, will be either a change of no great moment or nullification of the quite obvious intent of the Eighteenth Amendment. By a "change of no great moment" I mean a change in the enforcement acts (Volstead law) which would leave the sociological landscape looking much as if there had been no change: leaving in the landscape for the eye of any hasty tourist, the illicit cocktail, the villainous bootlegger, the murderous hijacker, and the same perennial topic of conversation. For example, suppose the Volstead Act were altered to permit five per cent alcoholic content instead of one-half of one per cent. Five per cent is almost entirely out of the question; but let us consider that extreme. If five per cent is permitted by law, then the U. S. will be put in the position of championing—equally with the Bill of Rights—the scientific "fact" that five per cent does not, in fact, intoxicate. Of course, everyone knows that just as some men can take ten potent cocktails without apparent effect, so some delicate citizens will become demonstrably spoofed as the result of five cocktails with an extremely hypothetical content of five per cent. But the question is: Would five per cent drive the bootlegger from the land? Obviously not. We all know that bootleggers exist for only one reason: to furnish stuff which contains the *possibility* of making oneself or one's friends at least a trifle intoxicated. Smith knows this, and Smith says that a redefinition of permissible alcoholic content will give *only* "some measure of relief" from the current monstrosities of prohibition.

If, therefore, modification of the Volstead Act is a delusion, and if repeal of the Amendment (or amendment of the Amendment amounting to repeal as applied to a particular State) is, for a generation, an improbability, the conclusion is that either Prohibition must be permitted to continue unchecked along the path of noble experiment, or the Eighteenth Amendment must be nullified.

Here we must take notice of the present campaign to the extent of an explanation. Governor Smith is no nullificationist. One can vote for him because of the possibility that his election will bring about "some measure of relief." Incidentally the relief is likely to come principally from the improved mechanics of prohibition which may be expected from him. He would have every motive to remove the corrupt and evil characters which now make up a large part of the Prohibition army; and he would have no motive to hide the villainies associated with enforcement today. But one may also, and with greater political sense, vote for him as the first step toward radical amendment of the Amendment in the dim future. If he is elected, a great many bibulous congressmen may be inspired with a Falstaffian courage to defy the Anti-Saloon League in their respective provinces.

IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE TO MODIFY THE PROHIBITION LAW, AND SMITH WOULD CERTAINLY DO IT."
IT WOULD BE NICE TO LIBERALIZE THE PROHIBITION LAW, BUT SMITH CAN'T DO IT."
G.O.P.
THE WEST
THE EAST

You Pays Your Money and You Takes Your Choice

A cartoon by Rollin Kirby, reproduced by the courtesy of the New York *World*

Governor Smith is no nullificationist, but the result of his election would be the growth of a strong movement for nullification. Suppose, for example, that in 1936 thirty of the greatest states of the United States should elect a Wet successor to Wet Smith almost entirely on the Wet issue—is it conceivable that the temper of these thirty states will be to wait patiently for another decade until seven more states shall have been persuaded to join their number? These thirty states—plus the minority millions in the other states—may begin to listen with delight to argument in favor of nullification. The argument will begin with the recital of obvious and no doubt irrelevant truth—that most of the spirit and intent, and some of the letter of the Constitution has long been nullified. To this will be added the equally important truth that a great deal of the law of the land (some of which impinges upon the Constitution) has long been nullified. All of which may be simply summed up by saying that the executive officers of the United States cannot or will not enforce a good many of the laws which they are constitutionally obliged to enforce, that the said officers enforce a great many laws which are abhorrent to the Constitution, and that when the said officers are not unconstitutional in fact they are probably unconstitutional in spirit.

I may now be challenged for a bill of particulars. Being no lawyer, I must content myself with animadversions upon the *system of government as set forth in the Constitution* rather than upon whatever may happen to be regarded as the state of constitutional law at this particular moment in the cellular life of the Supreme Court. I shall suggest that the *system of government as set forth in the Constitution* is not only in detail, but in very essence, contrary to the system by which we are governed. And I shall suggest that this cannot be otherwise because the *system of government as set forth in the Constitution* is fundamentally unsuited to modern America. And finally, it will appear that in dealing with Prohibition we must deal ultimately with the whole structure of American government, and that an era of inevitable nullification may close with an attempt to match the new social order with a new form of government. For such are the happy possibilities of history's ironic cycles.

First, as everyone knows, State's Rights as a principle of United States government is little more than a memory. It has, of course, been revived in the recent clamor against our inexplicable bureaucracy. But, as a matter of fact, there is practically nothing which the Federal Government wants to do which it cannot do. For example, nothing is said in the Constitution about the Federal Government controlling radio sound waves within the State of Maine or even those which are created in Maine by vibrations set up in Ohio or even any radio sound waves whatsoever. Yet the Federal Government is policing these radio sound waves, in spite of the fact that the Constitution *does* say: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution . . . are reserved to the States respectively. . . ."

Second, the Federal Government, having assumed, by tacit consent, a great deal more power than even the "loose constructionists" ever dreamed of, it naturally follows that the President is a much more powerful officer than he was intended to be. That he should pretty well control the destinies of Nicaragua, without even the advice and consent of Congress, is a consummation which not even Bryce, the realist, could have been expected to predict. And that, by his sole fiat, the tariff on steel or kettle drums could be raised is a recent development upon which, I believe, not even the Supreme Court has yet placed its *ex post facto* approval. In this connection it may be observed that a major part of the Government of the people (and presumably for the people) of the United States is government by bureaus. When an act of the Interstate Commerce Commission tends to decrease the value of some railway stock, some citizen is having his money taken from him with due process, only, of the law under which the Commission exists. And the law which created the Interstate Commerce Commission is, in spirit, antithetical to a Constitution which tried to separate so nicely the executive, legislative, and judicial powers.

Third, there is the matter of reapportionment. Of course it would be impossible for the people of the United States so consistently to nullify the spirit of the Constitution without occasionally nullifying its very letter. According to the Constitution seats in Congress ought to be reapportioned among the various states on the basis of the 1920 census. Although President Coolidge was unlucky in his contests with Congress, he could certainly have forced through a reapportionment bill had he cared to. Perhaps he thought that since it should have been done during Harding's Administration, the whole matter might just as well wait for a new decade. In any case, each and every act passed by Congress and signed by President Coolidge would seem to lack some degree of constitutionality since they were not passed by a congress elected in accordance with the Constitution.

Fourth. Negroes complain that the ballot box is not always easily accessible. This situation may be acquiring the prestige of old age, but is an instance, nevertheless, of nullification.

Fifth. Finally, among what might be called fundamental concepts of American government, consider the almost total disrepute into which the Bill of Rights has come. Nearly all of the doctrinaire ideas of liberty written into the Constitution are, of course, absurdly inconsistent with, not only the Eighteenth, but also the Sixteenth (Income Tax) Amendment, and other laws of the United States and of the various States. "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, . . . against unreasonable searches" is rendered meaningless when a policeman can walk into homes in many States on mere suspicion of gin; or when a telephone conversation may be tapped by federal

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by Henry R. Luce

officers, or when any man's papers can be exhaustively snooped at by Income Tax officials upon the slightest excuse. Meaningless, too, is such a doctrinaire idea when a corporation is liable to face anti-trust proceedings for no better reason that that a competitor is piqued.

Another of these doctrinaire ideas, in the words of the Constitution, is that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." In theory this right has been almost totally denied them, although happily for gunmen, the people are successful in nullifying laws which nullify the Constitution.

And among all these ideas, the greatest is that great monument to Voltaire—the first Amendment "Congress shall make no law . . . *abridging* (let alone abolishing) free speech." We need not enumerate the cases wherein this clause has been nullified by the Ku Klux Klan and other aids to United States law and order in addition to the instances of its nullification by laws of the United States and of the States.

These instances of nullification go to the very heart of the *system of government* which, as embodied in the Constitution, we are taught to revere. That we still have two Senators from each State is a trivial observance of the system compared with our nullification of principles, which, in 1789, were regarded as the sweetest flowers of political wisdom.

Turning now from the Government to the people, we find that it, no less than the government, fails to function according to specification. The people was intended to be, with some salutary filtering, the well-spring of legislation: instead of which we discover that the people as a mass is the principal obstacle to the law's fixed course. The people habitually breaks nearly every law of which it recognizes the existence. That most of these are local ordinances may be ascribed merely to the coincidence that the people is indifferent to laws more august.

There is no present desire to call before the reader a horrifying spectacle of a lawless nation. On the contrary, it is the writer's opinion that the American people is, if not a most docile people, at least in a most docile condition. So little spirit has the average American that he habitually suffers, from the police, repeated indignities. It is not law-breaking with which we are now concerned, but the attitude of the people to the law which it has ordained. Clearly the American does not feel when he steps on the gas that he is defying a government of his people, by his people, and for his people. He regards such law, and indeed nearly all law, as something which must be coped with, just as he copes with the high cost of living. He is never proudly conscious that he and his fellows have ordained these laws, even though, oddly, he may occasionally feel a sense of communal proprietorship in the advancing standard of living.

To the enlightened patriot mere law-breaking, even when it amounts to general and proclaimed disrespect for law (which in this case it does not), is of small importance compared with the disintegration of the political system; which, of course, is inevitably the direct cause of widespread crime or misdemeanor.

There are many causes for the disintegration of a political system. One is temperament. The last century indicates that whatever may be the political genius of the Latin races, they possess no genius for parliamentary government. Under pressure of world fashion, they put on parliamentary dress in which they have looked continually ridiculous. Today, France alone of the Latin countries enjoys popular government, with the result that a dictatorial Sacré Union is necessary to save her paper money from being chewed to bits by the madhouse which calls itself Chambre des Deputés.

Insofar as the temperament of Americans may be determined, it is as suitable as the temperament of any vast people can be for what is known as representative government. With many other more recent inheritances, we have a noble and ancient Nordic tradition of government by discussion, but not by so much or such violent discussion as to prevent action. Indeed, (except for their fathers) our grandfathers were unique in their keenness for political debate.

Such other causes of political breakdown as bankruptcy, or the unwieldiness of an empire, seem equally remote from the American situation. The dropsy afflicting American political life would appear to be quite simply explained by the incalculably great disparity between the mood of American life and the mode of American government. Indeed, it is almost impossible to imagine how any system of government reasonably deducible from the Constitution can be suited to modern American life or expressive of the mystical will of the people. The Constitution was made for a country almost totally agricultural, for people whose garments and amusements were made in the home. It was made for people who were isolated, for people who had great distrust for a central government, but who also were able to know their representatives personally; and among whom politics was, at the very least, a major and continuing diversion. The Constitution was made for people who were intensely individualistic, and yet who, State by State, were bound together by a supra-constitutional allegiance to a common morality. The present contrast to all this need not be labored; it is discernible in any movie house anywhere any night.

That there is no present outcry against the Constitution is due, not so much to the perspicacity of the Founding Fathers as to the heroism of the Supreme Court. During the millenniums since 1789, the Court has been determined that Necessity shall know the Law. The floods of necessity, which have long since burst the dikes of the Constitution, have never quite been able to overwhelm the Mountains of Interpretation, from which nine heroes have repeatedly proclaimed that since it has not exhausted their cunning, Necessity is still subject to their Law.

But that people are content with the Constitution, is due, even more than to the Court, to their aforementioned docility and to the moribund condition of their political consciences which is a direct result of the inappropriateness of the political system, and, of course, above all, to Prosperity.

It is on this note of prosperity which, save for a suggestion, this essay will close. The Constitution does not, as is commonly supposed, say anything about life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness. That trinity, together with the now generally abhorred notion of the equality of man, was conceived by Thomas Jefferson in a heated, and probably libellous attack on George III of England, which we call the Declaration of Independence. But if the most universal conception of the purpose of our government is that it is to secure the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, be it noted that the right to the pursuit of happiness is not the same as guaranteed happiness. If the popular equivalent for happiness is Prosperity, be it noted that a government which endeavors to ensure the *right* to the *pursuit* of Prosperity is radically different from a government which endeavors to ensure *Prosperity*.

But now no party can successfully invite the suffrages of the people unless it practically guarantees Prosperity to every man, woman, and moron. A subtle political philosopher, however, might demonstrate that any candidate for the Presidency who promises to make Prosperity his principal concern is promising to do something for which his office is not constitutionally equipped. President Coolidge himself has made this point, but has not convinced Republicans of its truth. The preamble to the Constitution does indeed mention "general welfare," but simply in a list of other things like justice and liberty, which clearly indicates that the "general welfare" signifies a governmental rather than a statistical sort; and in any case, it was never intended that the President should be, literally or figuratively, the general manager of what President Coolidge so carelessly calls the biggest business on earth. It is not recalled, for example, that George Washington ever alluded to himself as the bailiff of the biggest farm on earth.

But simply because the Constitution does not envisage the President of the United States as a sort of super-Chairman of the Board of a sort of super-Chamber of Commerce is no reason why he should not be such a sort of man in such a sort of office. Quite the contrary. If this essay has proceeded to any conclusion it is that the kind of government and the kind of President which the American people want, and which they might as well have, is not the kind of government or President which any of the Founders imagined. Not even Hamilton foreshadowed the present need, because he totally missed the distinction between plutocratic aristocrats and democratic plutocrats.

The ancient political dilemma was how to obtain that unity which without liberty is a snare and that liberty which without unity is a delusion. The political dilemma now facing the American people —which they perhaps feel rather than see—is how to obtain that Prosperity which without Morality is death and that Morality which without Prosperity is unacceptable. By Morality I mean, of course, political morality, the functioning of a national conscience. This dilemma has been all but stated a hundred times in Mr. Coolidge's speeches. He says in one breath that "the business of America is business" and in nearly every peroration he delights the populace by telling them that its distinguishing characteristic is its profound sense of the Deity. And we now have Prosperity Hoover with his magnificent vision of the abolition of poverty, over against Morality Smith with his glowing faith that government supposedly for the people (even to such abstruse matters as electric light or Nicaragua) shall, at any rate, be government by the people. But Mr. Hoover hastens to pay, with almost Coolidgean orthodoxy, his compliments to the "moral and spiritual," while Al naively suggests there is no more incredibly efficient executive than he, the Jeffersonian.

The Constitution was a great and masterful collection of compromises. Elaborately is erected a compromise between that old unity and liberty dilemma, and on many another question, like slavery. But this Prosperity versus Morality, or more profoundly, Prosperity versus Politics dilemma, is utterly unimagined by the Constitution. Indeed, the Constitution is entirely on the side of Politics. The Constitution presupposes the ideal of *stat justitia ruat coelum.* The simple fact is that, call it bombast or idealism, the idea of the heavens falling upon Prosperity is intolerable to the American people. And since that is a fact, it is equally a fact that the Constitution, even with any amount of distorted interpretation, is unsuited to the present needs and temperament of the American people. And since *that* is a fact, it is equally a fact that Nullification has been and is inevitable.

To suggest this problem is to suggest the solution. If the Constitution of 1789 is unsuitable, and if, on the whole, it is desirable to have a Constitution, the alternative is a New Constitution. Many a conservative may indeed shiver at the thought of stirring up the animals by the excitement of a constitutional convention. This is because new constitutions are associated with upheavals. But many a profounder conservative will perceive the wisdom of making a new constitution in a time of peace and plenty. Meanwhile, every liberal must rejoice at the prospect of a people once again animated by a patriotic concern for the virtue of the State and once again convinced of its ultimate responsibility for the health of society.

Into the New Constitution space and humility forbid us now to peer. We do, however, find pleasure in contemplating the constitutional convention. There would meet the greatest financial and industrial geniuses, the elder statesmen, lawyers, doctors, ministers, engineers, and whatever we have in the way of political philosophers. Their job would be titanic: to evolve the only capitalistic system of government which has ever been devised for a great modern state. Inspired by such a task they might prove to be titanic.

Henry R. Luce, the author of the foregoing article, is the editor of Time, *The Newsmagazine, which is not a journal of opinion and champions no political beliefs. He writes here in his capacity of citizen and keen observer of public affairs, and his article is not to be regarded as a pronouncement of the political faith either of his own magazine or of the* Saturday Review of Literature. *Readers of his discussion will find much interesting material bearing upon American political history in such recent books as Frank R. Kent's "Political Behavior" (Morrow) and "The Democratic Party" (Century), William Starr Myers's "The Republican Party" (Century), and Oscar W. Underwood's "The Drifting Sands of Party Politics" (Century).*

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Books of Special Interest

Where Does Right Lie?

THE PROHIBITION MANIA. By CLARENCE DARROW and VICTOR S. YARROS. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD S. DAVIS

THE sub-title of this book is "A Reply to Professor Irving Fisher and Others." I took it up just after finishing Professor Fisher's "Prohibition at its Worst" and found that I was fortunate in reading the books in this order, because the "others" figure in "The Prohibition Mania" only to a small extent. By far the greater part is devoted to a minute dissection of "Prohibition at its Worst," so much so, indeed, that a reader unfamiliar with Professor Fisher's contentions would often be at sea, even though the authors have reproduced in an appendix all but two of the thirty-eight charts in which Professor Fisher undertakes to depict his conclusions. One can only speculate as to why no credit is given either to Professor Fisher or to his publishers for permission to issue these reproductions, although it must be assumed that such permission was obtained before making so liberal a use of copyrighted material.

The impression left upon me by "Prohibition at its Worst" was that, if this was the most that could be said in favor of prohibition, the cause certainly rested on a flimsy foundation. Professor Fisher's pronouncements seemed to me to be based largely on arbitrary assumptions which hardly rose above the level of guesswork and which, if not susceptible of actual disproof, were often in conflict with the probabilities and on the assertions of individuals whose limited means of observation impaired the value of their testimony, even when their credibility was not, as in several instances, much affected by their partisanship. These infirmities, I thought, must manifest themselves to every reader of ordinary intelligence, so that the obvious strategy, from the antiprohibition standpoint, was not to dignify Professor Fisher's structure by a mustering of forces for attack, but to let it fall to the ground of its own weight.

Now that I have read "The Prohibition Mania" I wonder if I was not mistaken. An experienced marksman does not use a howitzer to bring down a cobweb and, if men like Mr. Darrow and Mr. Yarros felt that the demolition of "Prohibition at its Worst" demanded a whole battery of heavy guns, it is probable that it is far more persuasive than I realized. However, this may be, it is certain that, in order to overwhelm Professor Fisher, they have produced a book larger than his in bulk and, as I have said above, almost wholly given up to a detailed examination of his arguments. On its negative side their attack is certainly successful in the sense that it turns the spotlight on the many weaknesses inherent in Professor Fisher's reasoning, although one is often tempted to ask why, if their adversary's contentions are as fatuous as the authors declare them to be, it was necessary to use so much ammunition. When the authors turn, however, to what may be called a counter-offensive and undertake to bring forward evidence in support of their own position, they promptly fall into errors similar to his; like him, they base their contentions largely upon fragmentary utterances by individuals of varying degrees of trustworthiness and on assumptions which it is difficult to accept without verification.

On page 44, for example, the authors say that "there is no appreciable relation [between crime and intoxicating liquors] and there never has been" and that "liquor has always been one of the very smallest factors in what is glibly called crime." These propositions are apparently thought so obvious that no amplification is necessary. Hence it is interesting to compare them with Mr. Cecil Chapman's summing-up of a chapter in his recently-published reminiscences of twenty-five years' service as a London police magistrate: "Sir Matthew Hale in the seventeenth century said: 'Four out of every five crimes are traceable to drunkenness.' From that time to the present day our judges have repeated similar calculations for our warning, and the proportion is still reckoned at something like eighty-five per cent."

Most readers of "The Prohibition Mania" will probably feel, as I do, that they are not sufficiently informed to say whether the facts are in accord with Mr. Chapman's view or with that of Messrs. Darrow and Yarros, but there cannot be many who will fail to recognize that Mr. Chapman's observations represent an opinion so widely held that the mere assertion that it "isn't so" does not carry the argument very far. There must, also, be few who will share the doubt which the authors express as to "whether there ever was any connection between profanity and the use of alcohol" or who will not wish to be "shown" before they concur in the assertion that the crime of assault and battery is to be included among those "that have no possible connection with liquor."

One is particularly slow to accept statements of this kind simply on the strength of the authors' say-so because they have fallen into errors which, while not vital in themselves, suggest that accuracy was not a prime consideration. And it is only just to hold them to a pretty high standard of accuracy, even as to relatively unimportant points, in view of their attitude towards those who disagree with them. An advocate who refers to an adversary of high standing and reputation as "absolutely incompetent or hopelessly prejudiced or utterly unreliable" and who declares that the adversary "cannot deny a deliberate attempt to deceive except by pleading the grossest incompetency" can hardly expect with regard to mistake on his own part the indulgence that might be extended to one who approached his subject with less show of temper. If "The Prohibition Mania" proves less valuable to the opponents of the Volstead Act than might be anticipated in view of its authorship, this, I venture to predict, will be found to be in no small part because the book is so permeated with the arrogant truculence which militated against Mr. Darrow's clients in the proceedings at Dayton.

Crime and Its Cause

THE NEW CRIMINOLOGY. Dr. MAX G. SCHLAPP and EDWARD H. SMITH. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by AUSTIN H. MACCORMICK

THIS work, as its subtitle states, is a consideration of the chemical causation of human behavior. Both the authors, Dr. Schlapp, a distinguished neurologist and authority on the ductless glands, and Mr. Smith, a capable writer on the subject of crime, have died since the completion of the book. It is regrettable that they could not have left a truly epochal work, that they could not have established in fact a new criminology. There are many intensely interesting and valuable chapters, and the concluding chapter, which outlines a program for dealing with the criminal, is one of the most advanced and suggestive treatments of the subject to appear in recent years. The main thesis, however, that "most crimes come about through disturbances of the ductless glands in the criminal or through mental defects caused by endocrine troubles in the criminal's mother," even the most friendly critic must pronounce not proven, although impressive evidence is marshalled to indicate that this is undoubtedly true of many crimes. The authors also believe that man does not have free will and that the criminal in particular is actuated by a "criminal imperative" which can be completely accounted for under physico-chemical laws. The question of free will has interested men for centuries and the psychiatrists have long since introduced the subject of the criminal imperative into the court-room. Whether or not the latter can be explained by chemical imbalances due to disturbances of the ductless glands remains to be demonstrated by further evidence of the sort contained in this book.

The work is one which should be widely read for the light it throws on a recognized cause of human abnormalities. Because of its general excellence the reader may well forgive the too confident statements which appear at times. Such a statement, following a survey of the leading theories as to the causation of crime, is that "the reader will find as he proceeds that the glandular theory of crime accounts for all the discrepancies, errors, oversights and inadequacies of the earlier explanations." As the reader proceeds he finds, on the contrary, that the glandular theory suffers from the chief inadequacy of the Lombroso theory, for example, that a large majority of the observable cases of crime must be made exceptions to the rule. We have, however, for so long a time attempted to exorcise crime by muttering the same old abracadabras that we should be grateful for a new incantation applicable to even a minority of the cases.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 45. In Act II, Scene I, of *The Winter's Tale* Leontes interrupts a tale which Mamillius is about to tell. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Shakespearean interpolation completing the tale in not more than forty lines of blank verse. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y., not later than the morning of November 5.)

Competition No. 46. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short lyric called "Paradise Lost." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of November 19.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE FORTY-THIRD COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best poem called "A Dog's Death" has been awarded to Seichii Kawamura.

THE WINNING ENTRY

A DOG'S DEATH

WHEN my friend purchase dog for friendly purpose
I wish he may success to the pinnacle of his ambition
But the moon achieve an obstruction
To make the canine issue ungentlemanly sounds
Outside and down from my window
I am challenge and disturb
I think what I might do
So I prepare beefsteak in lethal manner
And expose to the dog of my friend
Now the nights resume tranquil in sleepfulness.

SEICHII KAWAMURA.

The prizewinner writes from San Bernardino so I am not without my suspicions as to his identity. To prevent mistakes perhaps he will send me his real name and address.

No doubt the above award will discredit me in the eyes of the many members of the S. P. C. A. who rose to this week's occasion. I would rather not have given the prize to a humorous entry, but there was really no choice in the matter for the serious competitors, with very few exceptions, let their hearts run away with their heads. Even such usually cautious writers as Corinne Swain and Marshall M. Brice were open to a charge of sentimentality. They stood out from the large number of more or less tearful competitors who, as the worst, began their elegies with such lines as—

He was only a yellow mongrel—
The flap-eared-long-tailed kind,
But his sympathy and understanding
Isn't in the predigree'd kind.

Margaret K. Williams was the best of the few who kept on the safe side of sentiment; at least by comparison with the other entries it seemed to me that she skirted the edge of the pit with most space to spare.

Penny, the children still acclaim
With love and reverence the name
Of one who loved them. I have tried
To fill your place since you have died.
I share the very restless fear
That kept you with them on the pier.
I watch them work and make them play
And drive all other dogs away.
One thing alone I cannot do:
Comfort them for the loss of you.

It was not easy to choose between this and the prizewinner's nonsense. But the entry by Everett P. Partridge more nearly represents the tone of the better written poems of the week.

Because God found his flawless days of heaven too lonely
And peace too weary on the perfect alabaster walls,
He was a jealous God, and stole you from us, only
To see your muddy little paws go padding down his halls.
And we who were the lesser gods, and could not keep you,
Have buried all that His satiric servant left, and try
Never to think, how with your anxious tail asweep, you
Go restless, whining for us at each door beyond the sky.

This and some other pieces made me feel weepy at first, though not for long. I should mention also Grace M. Bacon's well-written lament for an English bulldog bitch, "a type which has been bred to such an unnatural pear shape, that the offspring can rarely be borne as Nature intended." Isn't that *rarely* rather an exaggeration? Also Isabel Vallé, the best of several competitors who rose in incidental defense of the lap-dog. I liked some of her arguments, especially—

"A lap dog," quoth the fool, "not worth a song!"
As if a song were not our chiefest treasure.
Who judges worth of man, or dog, by size,
Puts himself, only, not the judged on trial.
A thief will deem a treble bark, if wise,
More fearful than a watch dog's deep bass viol . . .

R. Desha Lucas and Homer M. Parsons, those old rivals, offered some excellent fooling in company with Dalnar Devening.

Homer M. Parsons clothed in Cayuse French his tale of a very superior dog which couldn't abide bad smells—

Eimeby I lose heem, lak dees way:
I trap one skonk, by Heck!
Dat dog leeft up hees nose so high
She's bre'k her goddam neck!!

But my favorite poem of the week was written, I judge, by a little boy and must be quoted whole:

Once I owned a dog named Rover
His hair was curly and he was white all over.
He brought me much happiness and joy
I loved him like a child loves its toy.
Rover was smart and had good sense
He almost understood a spoken sentence.
But alas! came the day of his demise
I laid him away—he closed "dem eyes,"
He suffered, his pain was intense.
Now folks, please don't think me soft-hearted,
But I am blue and will place a "stone" in memory
Of the departed.

S. LEVY.

If you don't like that, Heaven forgive you!

The entry by Sylvia Ryian must also be quoted, chiefly because of the original turn which it gives to the theme.

A blazing sun
Odor of new mown hay,
Sweating horses and sweltering men—
"Boys, I'm sick," he calls
And topples into the hay
Writhing, moaning and
Groaning in agony—
And then one long piercing yell
A dog's death for a victim
Of fiends worse than dogs.
We call them "bootleggers."

The author, I take it, is not in favor of prohibition.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Archaelogy

DACIA. By *Vasile Parvan.* Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan.)

SOUTH AFRICA'S PAST IN STONE AND PAINT. By *M. C. Burkitt.* Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan.)

ZYGOURIES. By *Carl W. Blegen.* Harvard University Press.

YALE CLASSICAL STUDIES. By *Austin M. Harmon.* Yale University Press. $2.50.

Art

POTS AND PANS. By *H. S. Harrison.* Morrow. $1.

HERE WE GO ROUND. By *Evelyn Sharp.* Morrow. $1.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF STAINED GLASS. By *E. W. Turning.* Pitman. $12.50.

Fiction

THE UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE BELLONA CLUB. By DOROTHY SAYERS. Payson & Clarke. 1928. $2.

This should have been a pretty good detective story. Its crimes, and the motives out of which they spring, are comparatively reasonable. General Fentiman, grandfather —not uncle, as the jacket-blurb-writer wrongly guessed—of Major Robert and Captain George Fentiman, was found dead in a smoking-room chair at the club. He had been dead for some hours. His wealthier sister died the same morning. Because of her will it was important to learn which had died first. Later it developed that dirty work, even murder, had been done; but this development comes too late. That's what's the matter with "The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club." All its developments come just a little too late to knock the reader off his chair: he is given plenty of time to foresee most of the book's twists and turns, and he needs no great nimbleness to keep anywhere from one to six chapters ahead of the story.

THE SHADOW OF RAVENSCLIFFE. By J. S. FLETCHER. Clode. 1928. $2.

This is not Fletcher at his best, nor even at his second best, but still it is Fletcher, and so, if a little shy on originality of invention and vividness of telling, it has the negative virtue of not descending anywhere into silliness. It concerns the Langdale family of Yorkshire. Young Sir Francis found an ancient manuscript. He and his half-sister saw an apparition in the castle one night. They had a kinsman who was a hunchback with a beautiful face. Sir Francis had a tutor who fell in love with the half-sister. Sir Francis had a guardian. The guardian had a fiancée. The fiancée had a family. The family had an old grudge against the Langdales. It all works out just about as you would expect.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Mrs. Norris's virgin, Pamela Raleigh, seems to us far more fatuous and unlucky than foolish. She is a gay, pretty California girl of nineteen, whose now impoverished family have been prominent in the social life of Carterbridge for generations—her grandfather, in fact, had founded the thriving city which at present boasts a population of 60,000. But, though widowed Mrs. Raleigh, mother of the twins, Carter and Pam, is heavily in debt, the girl still keeps up the pretense of an idle, brilliant belle. Pam's most serious disillusionment dawns when, one evening, she goes motoring with a new beau and is forced, through lack of gas, to spend a sinless night alone with him in a deserted country shack. When news of this misadventure spreads among her friends, Pam is cruelly ostracized from select circles, but is too proud to fight them. Adversity rains further blows upon her—the family is completely ruined financially and has to give up the ancestral manse to the creditors—until the chance to earn her living, among congenial people, on a cattle ranch, opens new paths to spiritual security and happiness. That Pam eventually gets her man (him whom the blindest reader should see from the first is her destined mate), Mrs. Norris renders possible by recourse to manœuvres which are, at best, like the characters themselves, utterly artificial and unconvincing. There can be no doubt, however, that the story contains vast potentialities of appeal to feminine readers in general.

THE SHADOW ON THE LEFT. By AUGUSTUS MUIR. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

Here is a tale that deals with what happened on and around the Isle of Shennach when the laird's poverty drove him into the clutches of a gang of scoundrels. Most of the things that happened were dark-of-the-moon expeditions among burns, cairns, castles, crags, crypts, dikes, gillies, glens, lochs, moors, and other Scottish appurtenances. There is plenty of excitement in the book, but not all of the excitement is exciting.

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY. By *Nell Martin.* Hinkle. $2.50.

THE SECOND ADVENTURE. By *Escott Lynn.* Lippincott.

MULLEINS. By *Philip Gribble.* Lippincott. $2.50.

BLUE RUIN. By *Grace Livingston Hill.* Lippincott. $2.

IDLE WOMEN. By *Dorothy Black.* Lippincott. $2.

LESS THAN KIND. By *Samuel Rogers.* Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on pages* 306 *and* 307)

Miscellaneous

WILD ANIMAL INTERVIEWS. By *W. J. Hornaday.* Scribners. $2.50.

A SPORTSMAN'S SCRAPBOOK By *John C. Phillips.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

LIFE SYMBOLS. By *Elizabeth E. Goldsmith.* Putnam. $5.

COURT ROLLS. Edited by *Warren Ortman Ault.* Yale University Press. $3.50.

BLOOD. By *Lawrence J. Henderson.* Yale University Press. $5.

AIDS TO CATERING. By *F. E. Findlay Shirras.* Dutton. $1.75.

YOU AND THE LAW By *S. Boyd Darling.* Appleton. $2.50.

MUSIC. By *Ursula Creighton.* Dutton. $3.

THE STATION ATHOS: TREASURES AND MEN. By *Robert Byron.* Knopf.

STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS. Richard Wagner. By *Ernest Newman.* Knopf.

AERIAL BOMBARDMENT. By *M. W. Royse.* Vinal. $3.

TO THE PURE. By *Morris L. Ernst* and *William Seagle.* Viking. $3.

Religion

CHRISTIANITY IN SCIENCE. By FREDERICK D. LEETE. Abingdon Press. 1928.

No one who is interested in the relationship of science and religion can afford to ignore this book by Bishop Leete. It consists almost wholly of the religious belief of the most eminent scientists of modern time. As a corrective of wild statements the volume is invaluable. No one will welcome it more than contemporary scientific men who are wearied at being held responsible for the anti-religious prejudices of "smart young men."

It will probably be surprising to some people to realize, what Dr. Leete clearly demonstrates from their own utterances, that among scientists who have been definitely and unquestionably Christians and Churchmen have been Roger Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Pascal, Newton, Linnæus, Dalton, Ampere, Volta, Faraday, Kelvin, Galvani, Simpson, Mendel, Fabre, Pupin, and Osborn. The opinions of these, and hundreds of others hardly less eminent, have here been collated. The reading and research back of this book are immense.

A NEW GOD FOR AMERICA. By HERBERT PARRISH. Century. 1928. $2.50.

One is never quite sure from page to page about this author's convictions or beliefs. At one moment he is expressing a large admiration for Catholicism; the next thing one knows he is saying pleasant thing about Mrs. Besant; a few moments later he is more than flirting with the behaviorists. Nobody can deny the cleverness inherent in his book, but it may be wished that it stuck together better. The author has been many things at many times, ranging from monk to modernist to mystic. He would write a better book if he stopped talking for six months or so and thought out his own religious philosophy.

Some of the chapters are reprints of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly.* These are free from a slangy flippancy which characterizes most of the others. Mr. Parrish talks of his clerical brethren as "Mr. White Rabbit" and "Old Dr. Noodle." He

(*Continued on page* 311)

No. 5

The Viking Galley

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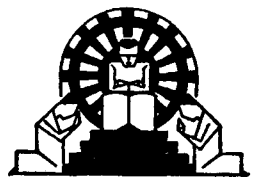
By MARCUS EHRENPREIS



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By GARET GARRETT
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Blind Circle
By MAURICE RENARD and ALBERT JEAN
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Keeping Off The Shelf
By MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN
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Foreign Literature

Modern Simon Legrees

LA VORAGINE. By José Eustasio Rivera. Bogotá, Colombia. 1927.

Reviewed by Ernesto Montenegro

A STRONGER, more appealing book has, perhaps, yet to be written in the Spanish language than this dramatized record of a journey to the Amazonian rubber jungle. Dr. Rivera, a lawyer by profession and an explorer at heart, undertook some years ago the hazardous trek over the Colombian sierras and into the plains of the Guainía or Rio Negro, an affluent, we may call it, of both the Amazon and the Orinoco. Here begins that mightiest forest in all the world, two thousand miles across in every direction, and reaching down to the eddies and rapids of the Parana river. No wonder, then, that Rivera reminds us of Quiroga, the author of "South American Jungle Tales." Both are learned in the jungle lore, both appear awestruck by the indomitable power of nature; but while the Uruguayan is a realist with a sardonic twinkle in his eye, the Colombian is carried from beginning to end in a lyrical outburst full of romantic innuendos.

Arturo Cova, the hero, stands, no doubt for all those liberating impulses that a well-defined position in society has kept repressed in the author. Hoary conventions and ill-smelling cities are left behind by Cova in that most illusory of escapades, a search of his own self. A girl is eloping with him, but of course, he does not love her any more than he does whatever life has given him so far. With truly romantic restlessness, "he longs for the place he has never been to, and the woman he had never met" as Baudelaire put it. His egocentric fancy aims at great riches, never intending to gain it through the ordinary toil of common men. He loves the sharp spasm of danger, the beauty of the afterglow in a tropical sunset, the championing of a losing cause. Byron left a far larger illegitimate offspring than he may have been charged with in his day.

But a man can be a poet and yet have a keen eye for the realities of his *milieu*, just as a scientist is able to keep his religion and his retorts from being confused. Arturo Cova enters the plains of the Rio Negro a rebel, and before he reaches the backwaters of the Amazon we see him changed into a would-be redeemer. Sir Roger Casement, caught the same fever on the same spot, shortly before the war in which he lost all. Both had witnessed with the fresh horror of the newcomer the debaucheries of cruelty into which more or less civilized men will plunge as soon as organized society and its policemen are left at a safe distance. The ferocious struggle going on all the time in the nakedness of nature, under the deceptive charm of forest and river surface, seems to take hold of the human animal, turning refinement of the intellect into a sadistic inventiveness after newer means of torturing his fellowmen.

The Amazonian rubber jungle is the land of lethal fevers, of birds like flowers, of dark caverns of foliage hidden from the burning eye of the sun. It is the land of alternating floods and droughts, both equally devastating, of the man-eating ant, and of human slavery. Men and women are stolen and sold just as so many cattle, sold down the river once more, to the plantation owners of the rubber country. The rest of that band of derelicts are either held in bondage through the time-honored system of overcharging their merchandise credit and cheating again in the weight when they bring in their crude rubber, or they linger in the jungle year after year through the habit-forming drug of tropical life—a slow dissolution of the will, the morals, and the energy for most of the men who are caught in its web.

Arturo Cova meets on the Llanos an oily, persuasive type of rascal who is one of the best-focused figures in the book. He robs him of his mistress after trying to have him murdered. The hunting of the fugitives has some of the dash that makes some pages of Robert Louis Stevenson the breathless reading they are. The language is extremely rich in local lore, the description full-colored and to the point. At times the beauty of it takes one into the realm of the unreal (a flight of a whole flock of purple herons at dawn) while the horror of a nightmare creeps in full sight at other places.

Señor Rivera has written a book that is, primarily, a work of art, brimful of manly vigor; he has done, incidentally, a good piece of dramatic reporting with many political and social implications that may place his work some day as the initial *J'accuse* in some historical process. If he intended only to write the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of modern slavery, he vastly outdid his aim by his artistic achievement. The book is worth translating, provided the right tone is struck in any language less lyrical and sonorous than Spanish.

Seeing America

EINE FRAU REIST DURCH AMERIKA. By Marta Karlweiss. Berlin: S. Fischer. (New York: Westermann.) 1928.

Reviewed by Amelia von Ende

THE title chosen by the wife of Jacob Wassermann for the book inspired by her recent visit to the United States is typical of the manner in which most foreigners "see America"—by traveling across the continent from east to west, omitting both north and south. Yet it must not be confounded with the many volumes that have been sent forth for the information and delectation of their readers by most of the German authors who have visited this country, except the unforgetable Wilhelm von Polenz, who came and went unheralded and whose book, "Das Land der Zukunft," the most just and thoughtful estimate of America by a foreigner, seems never to have become known among those who might have profited by it.

Marta Karlweiss has chosen the form of fiction for her clever comments on American life, as much as she has seen of it between New York and Hollywood. Each of her sketches might easily have been expanded into a novelette or even a novel. In each of them the chief interest centers in a woman, and she happens to have met or heard of some unusual types of the American woman, whose psychology she has sounded with no little acumen. Such an example is the unnamed Californian whom she watched in a hotel at Albuquerque and describes in "Der Donnervogel"—a woman who had regained her health in the rarified atmosphere of the Grand Cañon and had chosen to live among the Indians. Another is the story of the Chicago girl who staked a claim in Wyoming and had a most dramatic adventure living alone in her isolated bungalow.

But the best of her sketches is that of Hollywood, entitled "Die Weisse Motte." It makes palpable the feverish activity of the place where an artificial reproduction of reality attracts thousands of human moths, hypnotized by the click of the camera and dazzled by the light on the screen, like the thousands of creatures of the air that are lured by the arc lights of our cities and with singed wings drop at our feet. The appalling uniformity of the female type seen in American movies, on the streets, in the shops, is briefly suggested by the author when she speaks of "the vacant stare of eyes that look out from under the lofty curve of threadlike eyebrows which in seven thousand triangular faces belong to the stupidly pursed cherry lips." A tour of Chicago slums, Chinese dens, the Ghetto, and a police station culminates in a visit to a night club, where black, white, and yellow dine and dance together and an hour after midnight "Ethel Water" offers her song and dance, the author's reaction to the latter being suggested by the title of the sketch: "Dancing Soul."

LES DERNIÈRES NUITS DE PARIS. Par Philippe Soupault. Paris: Calman-Levy. 1928. 12 francs.

In attempting to suggest the mystery of Paris, M. Soupault has contrived a murder-story involving a number of criminal individuals addicted respectfully to a blonde coureuse, Georgette. Georgette is the city, the soul of Paris; and the bizarre bookmakers, souteneurs, coupe-gorges that grope and posture vaguely in grey estaminets are attachments of the city, subtly dependent upon her. Under M. Soupault's hand, this much becomes too obvious, and after a while it is difficult to see how the crime (a clipping probably from the bulletin of Gide's Fantomas Club) has been anything but a violent intrusion among a number of fine descriptive passages. M. Soupault seems to have wasted in this somewhat flat narrative, bits like this:

Un promeneur faisait trainer sa canne contre les grilles du Louvre, xylophone, imbécile des flaneurs.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

IN St. Mary's Hospital, Roswell, New Mexico, is a friend of this department, a voluntary exile fighting tuberculosis. She has still a good while ahead. I would be glad if those correspondents who now and again write to ask if I know of someone who loves good books and would like some of theirs passed on, would send them to this hospital, where they will be treasured, not only by my correspondent, but by her fellow-prisoners of hope. I am just off on a Western lecture tour and cannot undertake to forward them if sent to me, but if they are mailed directly to the hospital they will find a welcome in its library. You need not be afraid of sending the best you have.

E. L. P., Cornish, Maine, asks for histories of Scotland for the use of a reading club making a study of this subject this winter.

"SCOTLAND'S STORY," by H. E. Marshall (Stokes), is beautifully illustrated with color plates and much liked by younger readers, for whom it was indeed prepared, but it would be an excellent addition to a library to which adults have access as well. Sidney Dark's "Book of Scotland" (Doubleday, Doran) is another history of this type, going from the Roman invasion to the defeat of the Young Pretender. Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" should certainly be added to this collection, for legendary history and literary value.

For reference use, the most trustworthy and scholarly is considered to be P. H. Terry's "History of Scotland" (Macmillan, 3 vols.). Another valuable one is C. S. Broun's "History of Scotland" (Macmillan), also a large work, which goes to the disruption; the former goes to the accession of William and Mary.

The figure of Montrose in John Buchan's "Witch Wood" (Houghton Mifflin) was so enchanting that I looked through every Scottish history I could get, to discover all I might about a career on which I found I was far less informed than I had thought I was. When I told this to Mr. Buchan last Spring he showed me on his desk the proofs of his biography, "Montrose," just going over to Houghton Mifflin for Fall publication. I have not had a chance at it as yet, but Mr. Buchan touches nothing that he does not adorn, and from what I found out about this hero he seems not to need touching up. "Witch Wood," by the way, makes an unusually good addition to a list of novels of Scottish history, and to the documentation of the always fascinating study of witchcraft.

R. H. H., Ogden, Utah, asks if there is a history of transportation or the development of locomotion from the two-wheeled chariot to the present time, one with an appeal to the laity.

"THE MARCH OF COMMERCE" by Robert Malcolm Keir (Yale University Press), shows by a great number of drawings, photographs, and illustrations of every sort, and by attractive and well-arranged text, how transportation and communication have developed in this country from colonial times to the present day of aeroplanes, radio, and limited trains. If we did not have two-wheeled chariots, at least our earliest means of locomotion were pretty primitive.

T. K., Reading, Vermont, wishes to take up the study of graphology rather more seriously than indicated in the entertaining "Mind Your P's and Q's" and asks for a guide to such study. An almost identical request comes from J. R. G., Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOUISE RICE'S "Character Reading from Handwriting" (Stokes) is the work of an authority who has certainly had plenty of experience. It is a thorough-going treatment of the subject with many illustrations.

R. G., London, England, says that the Honolulu correspondent who asks about epitaphs may like to know of the two series of Somerset epitaphs contained in nos. 18 and 25 of the "Somerset Folk Series," procurable from Folk Press Ltd., 15 Ranelagh Road, London S. W. I., at 2s. and 2s. 6d, respectively. *C. J. L., Chicago,* says I might add to the books on musical criticism requested by *J. L. W., Brooklyn,* "Musical Criticism," by M. D. Calvocoressi (Oxford University Press). *H. A. W., University of Nebraska,* adds to the list on reliable works on literary criticism "Some Principles of Literary Criticism," by the late Professor Caleb T. Winchester of Wesleyan at Middletown, Conn. "This is an excellent statement," he says, "of some of the obvious things a critic might well consider, and the book is in quite readable form." *The District of Columbia's Library Association* sends word of its publication of a "Handbook of Washington's Informational Resources" including detailed descriptions of the contents of more than 200 libraries in the national capital, compiled by Dorsey W. Hyde, Jr., and Miles C. Price with the assistance of a special committee of the Association. *H. L. H., Trenton, N. J.,* reminds me that while mentioning Gen. William Stryker's "The Battle of Monmouth" I did not speak of his "Battles of Trenton and Princeton" by far the most important and thorough book on the Trenton-Princeton campaign. This is a valuable correction; the more welcome because I must have omitted the book out of pure physical carelessness: I had no idea I had not put it in.

(*Continued on next page*)

THE NEW NOVEL OF NEW YORK!

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By CATHARINE BRODY

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Pontius Pilate
Simon Peter
John the Baptist
The Woman taken in adultery
Salome
Caiaphas
An Innkeeper
Barabbas

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The Ivory Door

This play which has delighted Broadway and London, is, by common consent, Mr. Milne's most charming piece. $2.00

At All Bookstores

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

C. T. C., Cincinnati, Ohio, asks for accounts of the Shackleton and Scott expeditions, and for books about the Lamas of Tibet.

MILL'S "Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton" (Little, Brown) is out of print, but Frank Wild's "Shackleton's Last Voyage" (Stokes) and the remarkable story of his last expedition, 1914-1917, told by Sir Ernest himself in "South" (Macmillan), are readily available. So are the Scott books: "The Great White South," by H. G. Ponting, with a preface by Lady Scott (McBride), and the diary of Captain Scott, with edited letters and journals, and an introduction by Barrie, as given in "The Last Expedition" (Dodd, Mead).

"Tibet, Past and Present," by C. H. Bell (Oxford), has nearly a hundred illustrations, some in color; it describes the author's visit to the Dalai Lama and explains modern political associations as well as giving a sketch of history. "To Lhasa in Disguise," by William Montgomery McGovern (Century), is one of the world's thrillers: taking on the form of a coolie he penetrated to the forbidden city and brought back information on customs and beliefs.

C. J. C., Detroit, Mich., asks for the names of "books that discuss the heroic or masculine virtues, such as heroism, justice, chastity, etc., as opposed to the benevolent or feminine virtues, such as patience, charity, mercy, meekness, etc."

I HAVE never been able to disentangle the masculine virtues from the feminine ones, nor willing to set them in opposition; perhaps some reader of this department may know a book that does. Looking over the list as given, it does seem as if one or two had shifted a trifle. How about being "as meek as Moses"? He was certainly no lady. Indeed the whole arrangement puts somewhat of a strain on the virtue heading the feminine list.

Points of View

A Defense

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I read E. Borchard's article in your recent issue, also H. Gideonse's appraisal of it. I also flatter myself on being acquainted with diplomatic history (possibly some fraction of one percent of it). Since your recent correspondent's attitude was personally abusive I presume Professor Borchard will not deign to reply—in fact a reply is unnecessary. However, for the benefit of uninformed readers I wish to make the following statement.

In the first place your editorial policy is to be commended in occasionally publishing an article of "other than" literary moment. At present the greatest hindrance to *littérateurs* seems to be their lack of knowledge concerning anything but literature,—true of writers as much as readers I am positive. A sounder knowledge of history, philosophy, politics, and logic, and a little less discussion of art-forms, metrics, sociological precepts, and literary values, whatever they may be, would improve both our standards in writing, in reading, and in the gentle art of criticism to which Henry Seidel Canby devoted such an excellent editorial in the same issue. I laud the *S. R. L.* as much for its policy in carrying on such works as I should the provincial newspaper which prints its own opinions instead of purchasing syndicated news for such a price as it is able to afford, and that is no mean compliment.

As for the first point of Mr. Gideonse's departure from Professor Borchard, cannot the return of sequestrated alien property, when proceeding from such a power as the United States, of its own volition rather than under the incentive of a second "Lausanne," "furnish the world with an example of good judgment and integrity" more admirable than that of material necessity? And if not, why not? Such acts are not so reprehensible or ordinary as to allow of cynicism, especially from anyone pretending to be versed in diplomatic relations.

And in the third place on what authority does Mr. Gideonse interpret the "history of Europe" to refer to the period since Napoleon? This point of view shows greater childishness, to my mind, than that of which he accuses Professor Borchard. Even the European wars since 1815 are scarcely comparable in their origins with those of the United States, Mr. Gideonse notwithstanding. Surely Mr. Gideonse has availed himself of the graduate courses in American History which the English universities do not offer.

In the fourth place I seriously doubt whether the League is any more of a sheet anchor to British imperial policy than to French, and as England and France seem to direct most of its destinies, even as they have been wont to direct most of the European destinies since 1588 and 1648 respectively, what objection can there be to calling the League more fundamentally European than American? For my own part I not only think it is, but am glad of it, judging from its record to date. (Consult various *ibids*, found in any library.)

In the fifth place what does the correspondent hope to prove by making an exception of some Latin American policies toward securing League action? If he has ever read Calderon's "Rise of the Latin-American Republics," or any other decent Latin-American history, he will know that their diplomacy is as much a phase of European as is their culture, the Monroe Doctrine notwithstanding. He should also know that they never have borne and probably never will bear any fundamental part in League politics, despite all the "counter-

HL HL

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weights" they seek against Washington, either at Geneva or the Hague.

Lastly, no self-styled expert would waste much time about the "outlawry" of war. What value the Kellogg proposals had was largely in a state of mind. Any reservations to a "state of mind" are apt to have desultory effects upon the execution of intentions. No war is ever represented by a government to its people as an instrument of national policy,—all are defensive, in the beginning,—and Professor Borchard was justified in stating that the Kellogg-Briand Pact, with reservations, would be of little use. We can plant it safely away in the archives—a fitting companion to the Geneva Protocol, a curiosity, perhaps, for future generations.

L. WENDELL ESHELMAN.
Oregon State College.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Where did Witter Bynner get the idea that "The Weaver of the Frost" was written by an eight year old Japanese boy and illustrated by a twelve year old? As a matter of fact Ken Nakazawa is a very brilliant young Japanese, head of the Department of Oriental Philosophy at the University of Southern California. He is, I should imagine, in his thirties and is well-known as a lecturer on the Pacific Coast. As for S. Mizuno, he is a queer, wrinkled old man, Japanese photographer and artist and lives in Portland, Ore. I have met Mr. Nakazawa but not Mr. Mizuno so the description of the latter is second hand.

VIRGINIA KIRKUS.
New York City. Harpers & Bros.

A Book on the Tyrol

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of September 29, Mr. Robert Dunlop says that Eduard Reut-Nicolussi's "Tirol unterm Beil" deserves to be translated so that all may know what is going on in South Tyrol." This may be quite true. The writer believes however, judging from the review of the book, that there is greater reason for an English edition of Robert Hohlbaum's novel entitled "Das Paradies und die Schlange."

It is a work of only 251 pages, covers the entire subject from Crispi to Mussolini, is as incisive as good fiction can be, and less liable to provoke the wrath that comes from differences of opinion than is the case with such history as an injured exile may write. The proof-sheets of the novel are at present in the writer's possession; the book is to be published November 1. Any one who may be interested can write to Herr Hohlbaum at Goldeggasse I, Vienna IV, or to his publisher, L. Staackmann, Leipzig.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.
University of West Virginia.

An Addition

The foreign mails which arrived two days after the publication of the issue of The Saturday Review *for October 20, brought in a revised version of H. D. Hill's review of Madariaga's "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards." Since the book is of importance and the addition to the review of interest we print it here:*

The book which the Oxford University Press has just brought out is an examination of the elephant-hunting habits of three peoples, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards. These three are taken because Senor de Madariaga believes that each approaches a pure type: the Englishman is essentially a man of action, the Frenchman a man of thought, the Spaniard a man of passion. From the language of each it is possible to select a word which is a key to the fundamental attitude toward life of that people: for the Englishman, "fair play," for the Frenchman "le droit," for the Spaniard "el honor." For Englishmen life is essentially a group affair; as two or three are gathered together their importance increases in geometrical proportion,—"one Englishman, a fool; two Englishmen, a football match; three Englishmen, the British Empire." They are moved by an instinct for coöperative action; they derive their joy from the movement itself. They do not reason; they are fundamentally *allogical;* an attempt to construct a unified and ordered world does not interest them: they maintain an opposition as part of their scheme of things because it heightens the zest of the game. The coöperative conflict of sport, where thought is action in the face of exigency and fair play the principle of action, is the essential characteristic of English life.

The end at which the Frenchman aims is order. He sees the world as a problem for his intellect. The stream of life is a turbulent affair which needs to be canalized so as to flow between regular banks and arrive at the sea in a predictable manner. Law, above all administrative law, must be found and developed so that the energy of life can be directed along foreseen courses, so that action according to given rules is possible because those rules are known to hold. There the life of the collectivity is arranged in such a manner, the presence of a known procedure for each does away with the need of collective action by all as felt by the English, and the individual is left free to pursue the life of the intellect.

To the Spaniard, the person is greater than the rule, or rather the person is the rule: the only rules that he recognizes are the demands of *el honor,* which result in sudden and discontinuous flares of passionate energy. Unlike the Englishman's, his action is individual action, and further, it forms only part of his life; between his intense creative moments he has periods of passive disinterestedness. Because he feels himself as a person rather than as an intellect, in contrast to the Frenchmen he regards a rule originating outside himself as artificial. He is essentially anarchic; the individual heights to which he can rise come from the primitive depths of his own being; they have no relation to a public whole.

In a diagrammatic fashion, Señor de Madariaga develops these pure types, and then discusses the characteristics of each as it appears in the others, passion and action in the man of thought, thought and passion in the man of action, etc. The second part of the book is a verification of the ruling tendencies of each type through an examination of its institutional manifestations in the societies which the three groups have evolved, in the constitutions under which each lives, in the place it gives to the family, the type of leader it brings forth, its historical development, its language, its art, its love, its religion.

From the very geometricity of his triangular comparison he should have realized that the language essential to the book is French.

An exhibition of the works of Paul Honoré is now being shown at the Sunwise Turn Book Shop under the auspices of the Doubleday, Doran Book Shops. Mr. Honoré, who has decorated the Newberry Prize book, "Tales from Silver Lands," and several of the most beautiful editions of the past few seasons, is best known for his murals and wood cuts in colors. It is as mural art that he has perfected a cement which will give such smooth, even results that one can use it to make a hair line. It is weatherproof, and as effective for exteriors as it is for interiors. The new Midland County Courthouse in Michigan, which is called by artists one of the most interesting and completely American examples of contemporary architecture, has exterior murals of plastic mosaic, as has the new high school of Highland Park. Other murals by Mr. Honoré may be seen in the S. S. City of Grand Rapids, the S. S. Put-in-Bay, theatres in Detroit and Cleveland, the architectural department of the University of Michigan, the old Masonic Temple in Detroit, and many private homes. Recently, a group of leading Japanese architects have invited Mr. Honoré to introduce plastic mosaic to Japan. Designs for murals will be included in this exhibition at the Sunwise Turn.

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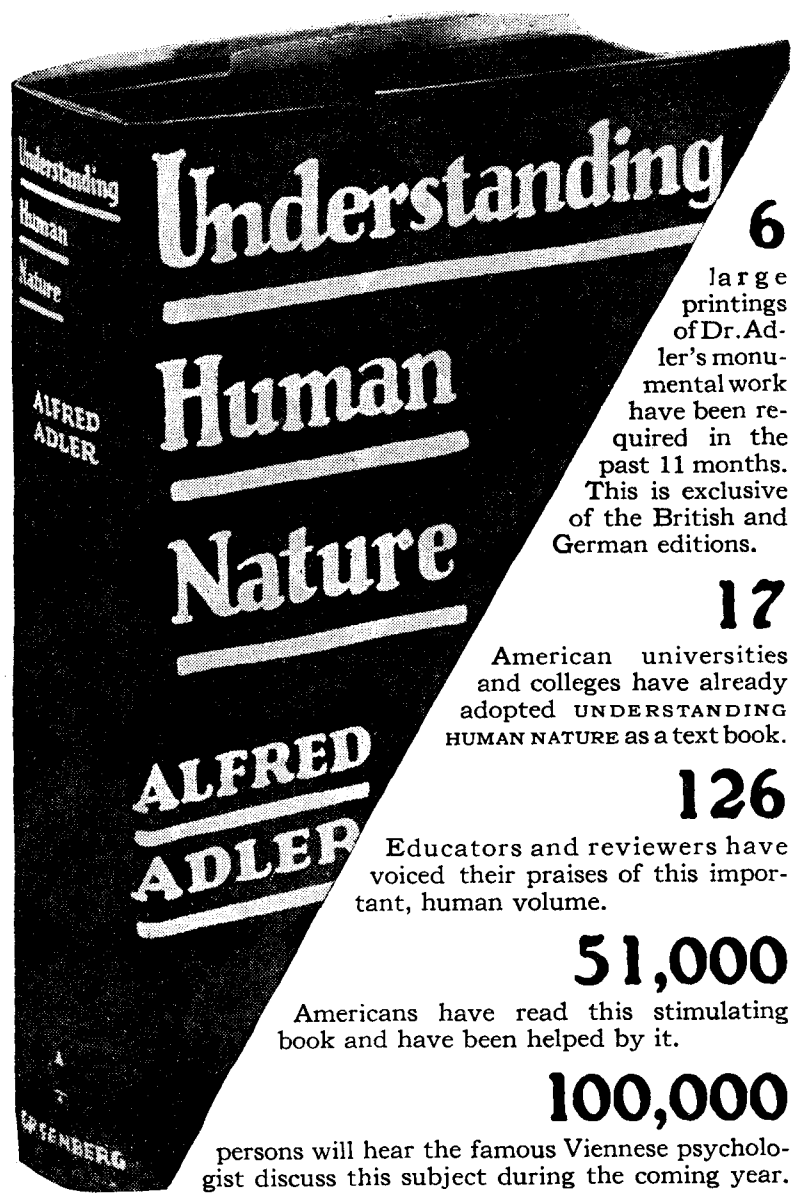

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A Letter from England

By ELIZABETH LOWNDES.

HOW many of us look back to the magic hour of "reading aloud" as the most ecstatic moments of childhood. But do not be disappointed, you grown-ups, when what you read suggests ideas to eager listeners far removed from your own. Tears of disappointment have been shed over Abraham's reprieve from having to kill his son Isaac: "But why *not?* The knife was all ready." And Cynthia Asquith, in a humorous and most human book, "The Child at Home," points a most useful lesson. In the chapter on reading aloud, she recalls the child's remark, "Mother! I think I should understand, if only you wouldn't explain."

Irrespective of grown-ups, at the present moment the most popular person among English children is Doctor Dolittle. It is doubtful if since the publication of "Alice in Wonderland" a character has had such a universal welcome into the nurseries of England. The arrival of "Doctor Dolittle's Garden" was announced to me this summer by a little boy friend of mine in slow, solemn tones. "Do you know Doctor Dolittle has *now* learnt the language of the insects?" The book was brought out to show me, and the best loved passages read over and over again. And now once more, it is said for the last time, we have Christopher Robin and Pooh and Piglet, and a new friend, the Strange and Daring Tigger, in "The House at Pooh Corner." Also, those who remember "The Story of my Heart," by Richard Jefferies, will rejoice to hear that his "Wood Magic" (Collins), a fantasy describing a little boy and his talks with the birds and butterflies, has been reprinted.

Another reprint we can expect is that of a book, now only obtainable in the second-hand market, "Forget-me-not and Lily of the Valley," by Maurice Baring (Heinemann). This charming story of the Spring flowers and the Summer flowers is illustrated in color by S. B., whom the fairies (so Major Baring says) taught to paint on purpose.

Do the children of America read fairy stories? Romer Wilson, who has written "The Death of Society" and other remarkable novels, has edited a collection of the world's best fairy stories under the title "Green Magic" (Cape). I should also like to draw attention to "The Little Blue Man," by Giuseppi Fanciulli (Dent), the first English translation of a puppet tale by the most popular Italian writer for children. It is the story of a little cardboard man's life and adventures in the Marionette Theatre. From another direction, the well-known Polish writer, Zofja Kossak-Szczucka, sends us "The Troubles of a Gnome," a Polish fairy story.

Fairy stories bring to mind Hans Andersen. The Everyman Library has just added "More Fairy Tales" (Dent). I wonder how many lovers of that heaven-sent genius know Humbert Wolfe's lovely poem called "Denmark"—

. . . . *your little fir-tree, and your dead-red sand, and then*
with all the loves of my childhood and my dreams, Hans Andersen!

"My Animal Friendships," by Cherry Kearton (Arrowsmith), is also a new and delightful book for all ages.

Many English children seem to be natural lovers of poetry. John Drinkwater, of "Abraham Lincoln" fame, has brought out a volume described as "poems of childhood." When these poems were read to the seven-year-old daughter of another English poet, she exclaimed, "But that's all about me!" Hence the title "All About Me" (Collins).

Once upon a time a young English artist, who is now known in England and America as a master-etcher, found time to write daily letters "from Uncle Yule" to a child friend, and with them such pictures! Tigers yawning delightfully, fishes wearing straw hats, lions going out for a walk in top hat and cane! With the appearance of "Frolics of Uncle Yule," by A. Hugh Fisher, other children are to share the fun, and to shout over these very same drawings that went prancing through the British post in envelopes adorned with dragons and bulldogs!

Messrs. Heinemann announce the work of a new writer for children, E. M. Channon, author of "The Griffin." This story is to be published next month. It is full of romantic adventure; at times the reader meets the whole assembly of the Heraldic Beasts. It is possible that this writer is going to prove a worthy follower in the E. Nesbit tradition?

"Explain! Explain! Explain!" cried all the Tribe of Tegumai, and this cry is taken up and echoed by every child with a keen, clever mind. The construction of wireless sets has put model aeroplane making and such like amusements into the background, but there is a revival now in the demand for such books as "Scientific Amusements and Experiments," "100 Harmless Scientific and Chemical Experiments for Boys," "Simple Toy-making for Pleasure and Profit," and books on the care and management of pets, an excellent example of which that has just come out is "The Wonder Book of Pets and How to Keep Them" (Ward). By such books is the task of reading aloud made doubly delightful.

Reviews

THE ATLANTIC TREASURY OF CHILDHOOD STORIES. Selected and edited by MARY D. HUTCHINSON HODGKINS. Illustrated by BEATRICE STEVENS. Reviewed by ELIZABETH C. MILLER

HERE is a thoroughly satisfying book of familiar and pleasingly unfamiliar stories, well compiled and admirably rendered. There is an evenness of excellence throughout that is rarely found in such a collection. The book is for all ages of children. Every child in the house can find a story to his taste and each child can grow his way through the volume, beginning with the little tales of "Animals Wise and Foolish," and passing through magic and fairies and giants to the vivid adventures of "Boys and Girls of Other Lands" and the stories of "Heroes and Heroines" which are based on history and lead the mind of the older child into the real world of the past.

The pictures are lovely and imaginative and yet full of a suitable realism. They are a faithful accompaniment to the consistently beautiful English of the text.

The reader-aloud will delight in that English while childish ears will be regaled with its purity and cadence. Here and there are scattered unusual words that will tickle the natural word-sense of a child, —expressive syllables out of the old wells of language—words that belong to the feeling of the tale and to the land that tale grew out of. "Slock," "whiddle," "nattering"—who would not love mouthing these? Flavor they have.

And the whole book has flavor. It is no mere "collection." "Enchantments and Magical Deeds"—such a heading is lure indeed to a child of our mechanistic scientific century. "Fairies, Pixies, and Elves," another group, takes the child into a world where he is always at home and happy; a world of dim-lit peasant cottages where is the smell of wood-smoke and the taste of bread and cheese, and where most fittingly the inhabitants live ever upon the edge of magic, the magic of the "true" fairies—"the little people." These are not the extravagant enchantments of kings and queens, but spells and wonders touching the lives of little boys and girls.

"Dwarfs, Giants, and Ogres" have their turn too and here we find the fantastic exaggerations of the huger denizens of Unreality. The Norse gods seem like the Paul Bunyans of mythland and child humor revels in the impossible draughts, the superblows and the incredible great deeds of these giants who do not stoop to the traditional cruelty and rapacity of their kind. And that we may not live too tender-minded there is just a taste of giant blood with justice triumphant.

Stories of foreign children should be like a real traveling to strange places, and for a while we live in these odd corners of the world with Viggo, and Sampo, and Moni and in the very strangeness about us find new pleasure.

The hero tales are brave and splendid stories, some forever loved through centuries of listening children. Here are the boy David and his Goliath set in the beauty of Bible English, and our own Columbus

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and the great young Joan who never yet failed to thrill a child's heart. Then come pirates and Indians and Kit Carson; and not least—a true polar story in its original diary form. This last is an unusual and happy inclusion for our children know that though the days of pirates and Indians are over there still remains the struggle with Nature in the Arctic, and they know that there adventure even now lures men and asks of them the same eternal virtues—endurance, self-sacrifice, and a courageous heart.

These stories of the last group are essentially stories of the real world of action and achievement, some farther back in time and others approaching the world of today. They will arouse in the child's mind a desire to hear more of such things and so this book like every other good book will not end with its last page.

THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW. By ERIC P. KELLY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928.

Reviewed by H. NOBLE MACCRACKEN
Vassar College

IF the testimony may be accepted of one young lady of fourteen summers, who could not sleep until the book was finished, "The Trumpeter of Krakow" will take its place among tales of permanent appeal. Couched in a sober and informative style, which without elaboration presents the medieval background that every child loves, a story full of action centering around a magic crystal of Tarnov unrolls rapidly and without effort.

It is a pleasure to one who has but recently visited the medieval city of Krakow, so rich in art and architecture, in legend and in the national history of Poland, to find this unknown wealth of tradition made available to American children. Krakow bids fair to become the Oxford of Poland. A former capital, now perhaps a little to one side of the swift current of Polish progress, it will, we hope, long retain its medieval charm. The Trumpeter still sounds the hours from the old tower on the square and any child who reads this story will make up his mind one day to hear the melody.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By H. A. DAVIES. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD PULLING
Avon College

IT has been said that history is best defined as the explanation of why we are what we are to-day, and that we need this explanation in order to decide intelligently what we want to become to-morrow.

Ever since Mr. Wells first published his now famous "Outline of History" we have become increasingly conscious of the necessity of perspective in the study of history, if this explanation is to be really helpful. The old-fashioned method of studying history in chronologically and geographically water-tight compartments—a method which unfortunately has been fostered in schools by the fact that the college entrance board has not yet come to appreciate the value of a comprehensive examination paper in world history—is giving way to one in which emphasis is placed on the unity, not on the diversity, of history.

Some teachers, wishing to include in the curriculum a course in world history as a background for more detailed study of different periods, have tried out Mr. Wells's "Outline" and found it to be a little "too much of a muchness" for the average student in school. Others, who have used Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind," have found it stimulating but sketchy, with the caricature element too pronounced. But Mr. Davies in his admirable new book has hit upon the happy mean between the two. His work is compact and yet inclusive, solid but not heavy.

One does not have to depend on the author's own statement in the preface to know that "An Outline History of the World" is "the result of much practical experience as a teacher of world history." This must be at once obvious to anyone who reads the book. It is especially noticeable in the excellent grouping of the related facts of modern history and of movements which have particular bearing on the world situation to-day. There may be those who will complain that this grouping (what a relief it is from the usual year by year, country by country, method of presenting facts) will make it too difficult for young readers to keep their chronology straight. To them Mr. Davies has only to say: "Use the time charts at the back of the book." No reader need be confused if he glances at them from time to time.

Although "An Outline History of the World" will make good reading for anyone interested in new interpretations of history from the point of view of world unity, it will be found particularly valuable as a text-book. The fact that it does not look like one is a strong point in its favor. There are no marginal headings, no "questions" and "topics for study" at the end of chapters, no lists of dates to detract from the reader's attention. It is a book no history teacher should overlook.

ANDY BREAKS TRAIL. By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER. Decorations by LANGDON KIHN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THREE years ago Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner turned from adult history and interrupted the rhythms of Plem-Salia-Kwi the Hunter to write for youth. She brought a unique equipment with her. As the daughter of a Hudson's Bay Company Factor, she knew those wild and shadowy things which the less lucky can only wonder about. "Silent Scot," her first boys' book, drew on this inheritance of wilderness feeling, presented an exhaustive knowledge of our frontier history in a lively way, and leaped into favor. Its hero, Andy MacPhail, and his Indian friend, Tuleko, lived in the imagination after the book closed by virtue of a vitality new to recent juvenile pages.

"The White Leader" followed, introducing Lachlan Douglas and fat Barking Water—on rivers of blood.

This autumn sees these friends, still in their teens, united under one cover in "Andy Breaks Trail" heading for Oregon with Lewis and Clark. And, as Lachlan contentedly remarks, "Bein' a governor isn't worth any man's attention compared wi' makin' a trail to the Pacific." Certainly not, with companions like these.

Boys will read the book first for the story, and for their benefit the action runs like a river, all dulness deleted. Between rapids of excitement come eddies of wisdom and stretches of broad humor—a pity not to quote about the fleas or some of Barking Water's ludicrous self-satisfaction—but there are no carries. The killings are copious and graceful. One man, or more, falls to the chapter, and less momentously than a new spice drops into Wewoca's cook-pot. Ambush, mutiny, cloudburst, prairie fire, stampede, the discovery of new animals, and—rare touch—the rescue of a manuscript, swell the current and carry the reader swiftly past poetic underbrush and epigrams hardly noticed. Let those who desire childrens' books to be sissified shudder at the slaughter. The courage, the loyalty, the friendship, and the justice, from which men draw their greatness are all there. Even when the agreeable dog named Wolf chews up a miscreant, who would have it otherwise? "Andy Breaks Trail" could be called excellent before one comes to its finer graces.

The greatest of these, hoisting the book high above contemporary juveniles, is the skill in characterization which peoples the pages with comrades who actually breathe, eat, joke, and dare. One realizes Boone, and that Lewis and Clark are young; but the vivid personalities are the five friends: Andy himself, oatmeal-made and a verra true Scot; Tuleko, so Indian that he haunts the pages like a ghost, appearing and disappearing unpredictably; Blue Arrow of the fatal blow-pipe; Lachlan, my favorite; and Barking Water, cook, butt, and wit, together with his dog.

Next most remarkable is the atmosphere of humor in which these boys rough it, genuine humor, not wise-cracks. It plays over the entire work, often accompanied by wisdom, though not, as in Barrie, close to tears. These thigh-slappings and these noiseless laughs will be preservative.

The style is vigorous, intense, picturesque, and at the same time one sees the poet loitering in the background, observing that "the flaming pine chips snap off sparks." Only a poet could condense to leave all the fine stuff in.

But this condensation, this poetic paring, brings me to my one quarrel—more with a current custom than with this author or her publisher. Why was the epic left out? Why was a masterpiece of interest and character delineation curtailed to be read at one sitting? They say that boys will not read nor parents pay for more today. I don't believe it. Not in this case where such vitality and skill and material could have run to 600 pages and compel reading. There are no Crusoes, no Deerslayers, no Swiss Family tomes this year; but there might have been one entitled "Andy Breaks Trail"—had the book been immense enough to get lost in; not a wood-lot, but a wilderness.

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DE QUINCEY'S "Confessions of an English Opium-eater" together with "The English Mail-coach" and "Suspiria de Profundis" have been issued by The Dial Press in a thoroughly presentable type setting—the work of the Glasgow University Press. The page proportions are good, the Baskerville type excellent, and the book is workmanlike. There is a poisonous cover, however, which might be better. Still, it is a good edition for reading and keeping on one's shelves.

"Book Decoration" and "Initial Letters" form two slim volumes edited by Douglas McMurtrie. The collected material in both books is not distinctive or valuable, and while they may have some small value for reference and possibly for use (although the zinc reproductions are too ragged for satisfactory use for "copy") they suffer from the common fault of such hasty publications in their inadequacy, their lack of critical paraphernalia, and their insufficient identifications.

Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," one of the most effective testimonies against capital punishment, was first issued anonymously in 1898 with the author given as "C. 3. 3.," Wilde's prison number. In the same year a limited edition of 100 copies, autographed by Wilde, was issued. The first American printing was in the *Cornhill Booklet* of October 1900. It has since been printed many times, but it loses nothing of its macabre character in the latest edition, with pictures by Lynd Ward, published by Macy-Masius. The illustrations are called mezzotints: to the writer they look like plain half-tones, however. But they are effective in their appropriate somberness. This is, according to the publishers, the first illustrated edition, in English, which we agree is strange enough considering how great are the weird possibilities of the poem. R.

Morrow's Almanack for 1929 is at hand with its usual array of amusing, interesting and informing items. I leave to my confrères the pleasant duty of sorting the wheat from the chaff, and retain for myself the pleasant duty of telling the publishers that they have a grand idea, just about 50% satisfactory typographically! Type is good, paper all right, etc., but they should get in that extra measure of nicety which would perfect the whole. Why not put in the last full measure of effort the next time and catch up with such publications as, for instance, the Klingspor Kalendar? But I hope I shall get next year's issue, for I wouldn't miss it. R.

VIGOROUS PICTURES

I HAVE so often had occasion to damn with faint praise the faint-hearted illustrations which emanate from our milk and water school of illustrators, that I am glad to suggest a book which seems to me to have the necessary punch in its pictures. "Tricks of Women" (I suspect a trick of the sales department in the title!), translated from the Albanian by Paul Fenimore Cooper, and with an introduction by Burton Rascoe, published by William Morrow & Co., is worth having for the wood engravings by Ilse M. Bischeff. There are headbands and tail pieces to each of the chapters, as well as ten full-page pictures. Much use is made of solid blacks. The one satisfactory thing about them is the forth-right quality, a quality which makes wood engraving so incomparably superior to all other methods of book illustration. It takes all kinds of people to make the world, and too many of them love the *Saturday Evening Post* style of anaemic drawing; those who don't will like the pictures in this book, and will wish that more such virile work were done. Happily, the typography of the book is in keeping with the illustrations. R.

THE editor of the Newburyport *News* once attempted to quote the classics, and in the hands of the guileless linotyper his fervor became "O Tempora! o Moses!" (It was in the advertising columns of the same paper, by the way, that Pearson's Bookstore—no relation I believe of Edmund Lester Pearson, the Crime Specialist, though the latter lived his impressionable years in Newburyport—advertised for sale copies of Whitman's "Leaves of Grain.") The crimes of the linotyper are increased by a hideous error in my remarks on the Fish-Ball in the October 13th number. The line as it should be is

"The Lay of the Lone [*sic*] Fish-Ball."

but as setup it appears, ridiculously, as

"The Lay of the Line [*sic*] Fish-Ball."

Respecting linotypers and proof-readers in general I'd like to quote Cicero—but I dare not take the chance! R.

SIMPLE UTENSILS

I DO not know what the limits of compleat collecting really are: I knew a man who had what he called his "library" of moulding planes, and they were a delectable set of "items." I suspect, however, that for the purposes of this column I am expected to deal with the work of the printing-press and the bindery. It is worth while, however, to consider books which are outside the range of fine printing. In fact I half fear that fine printing or pseudo fine printing is being done to death; I am sure that the merchandising of such books is becoming a bit of a nuisance. So here is a book which doesn't aspire to be in the fine printing class, but does seem worth while to the Compleat Collector. It is "Iron and Brass Implements of the English House," by J. Seymour Lindsay, published by the Medici Society of London and Boston. (It is of Boston, by the way, that they tell the story of the magazine *Fireside Companion*, which became, with the changing styles in house heating, the *Christian Register*.)

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The æsthetic poverty of the modern kitchen with its immaculate enamelled white sink, its funny little kitchen cabinet with samples of various foodstuffs, and its useful but dull aluminum utensils, is apparent when one peeps through the door in the Hôtellerie de Guillaume le Conquérant (which Hopkinson Smith has so well tried to delineate in "The Arm-chair at the Inn") at the iron and brass and copper hung round the open fire. For one thing, every village, almost every hearth, had its own peculiar pattern and form of utensil. The monotonous efficiency of large-scale production had never touched the sacred tools of the household. There was variety and charm in the product of simple skill and industry, and, too, there was more appropriateness and suitability than we, who know not how to use such implements, realize. We still hold to the open fire, but we impose its heat on the denizens of rooms overheated by central heat. We try to fuse the old and the new, making a ridiculous hodge-podge of ancient china and electric toasters—of steam radiators and fire tongs. It is only when we take up a book like this one that we begin to get the idea of simple, age-old struggle with cold and darkness and hunger, and realize how well equipped man was to cope with them until the industrial revolution came along and upset all the older ways of life. The older ways had great beauty, much of which was due to the implements of its carnal life, about which it is not necessary to sentimentalize, but about which it is necessary to know if we are to comprehend pretty much all of literature. We suggest this book to those who would get some understanding of how life was lived before science got us by the nose. R.

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So far as *The Inner Sanctum* is aware, the most effective laboratory investigation of What The Public Wants To Read is contained in a new book *The First Hundred Million* by EMANUEL ("*University-in-Print*") HALDEMAN-JULIUS of Girard, Kansas.

This Anatomy of American Taste is one of the raciest and most illuminating documents ever read, published or otherwise encountered by *The Inner Sanctum*. Instead of being a technical monograph for the wholesalers-and-retailers of participles and asterisks, this book has the gossipy gusto of an indiscreet revelation.

What many theorists have vaguely suspected, E. Haldeman-Julius demonstrates with juicy detail; what some have denied or doubted, he proves with confidential memorabilia, . . . as for instance, that the public is most interested in the following subjects, arrayed in order of their "pulling power".

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Now that the American Reading Public is buying in the third year and the third hundred thousand of *The Story of Philosophy* at $5.00 the copy [it outsold *Show Girl* the first five days this week, literally], *The Inner Sanctum* can safely confess that WILL DURANT'S wonder-book-of-all-time had its origin in seventeen of the five-cent Little Blue Books published in Girard, Kansas, on the lives and opinions of the greater philosophers.

According to an unverified report which *The Inner Sanctum* is now tracking down, EDWARD HOPE, columnist of The New York Herald-Tribune, won a $5,000 bet when *Show Girl* hot-footed it to the best-seller list, as he predicted it would in his salvo, the first review of the book to appear anywhere. It may be recalled that when EDWARD HOPE pounded out his critique of the saga of DIXIE DUGAN, a squadron of office-boys had to pour ice-water on the smoking Underwood.

The open season for hunting is upon us, but the sales of *Bambi* leap higher and higher.

—ESSANDESS

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE past few years have seen many new editions of classics, as we know. It is a day of extremely competent reissues. One of the most recent that has pleased us very much is "A Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides with *Samuel Johnson*, Ll. D.," by *James Boswell*, Esq. Dutton has just published it here. In England it is brought out by J. M. Dent. The introduction is written by *T. Ratcliffe Barnett*, and it is fully illustrated with twelve drawings in pen and ink by *W. H. Caffyn* and eight portraits in photogravure. The end papers show a map of the tour. This is an old volume we have never read, and we mean to apply ourselves thereto. Boswell was a great literary reporter, certainly. We have never read his "Johnson" through, but in the past we have dipped into it sufficiently to derive much entertainment. The frontispiece of the present volume is wholly delightful, being a splendid reproduction of the old engraving by Trotter in the Print Room of the British Museum, showing Dr. Johnson in his traveling dress as described in Boswell's tour. . . .

The Phoenix Nest is casting its vote for *Al Smith*. Our main reason is really that Al seems to us a more amusing candidate than Herbert Hoover. And we have always thought of Al as an extremely honest man. There seems to us to be very little buncombe about him. On the other hand we think the Republican candidate has a number of excellent qualities. As for party affiliations, we have none. The two old parties do not seem to us to represent much of anything. We recently read with interest the letter of *Robert Wolf*, the writer, to the Book Page of the *New York World*, explaining why he would vote the Communist ticket. We think there is much to what he says, although, it is obvious, neither the Socialist nor Communist candidate has a ghost of a show in this election. And, so long as we actually overcame our laziness enough to register, we might as well cast a vote that will count for one of the candidates who has got a show. . . .

Dear old *Art Young!* His "On My Way," just published by Horace Liveright, is a most companionable book. We have always liked his trenchant drawing. We have always liked the type of American he represents, the old homespun kind with radical sympathies, the friend of the world with a sense of humor, a vein of irony, a fine gift of honest indignation. The late *Eugene Wood*, father of *"Peggy" Wood* the actress, was such another. *'Gene Debs* was of this breed. Such Americans are more native, more representative of the best spirit in this country than all the country-club bond-salesmen stretched end-to-end from New York to San Francisco. Big-hearted, courageous, mixing well with all **sorts and conditions of men,—the words** "sweet land of liberty" actually mean something to them, and consequently, as is natural, certain aspects of our modern industrial civilization appal and shock them, rouse their dander. As for Art Young, he has had a long amusing, exciting career. He has written his book from day to day in diary form, full of anecdote, full of pithy wisdom and good nature that is never unintelligent. It interested us much to read the closing pages dealing with the early struggles of the old *Masses* and the *Masses* trials during the war. It entertained us to read earlier in the book of that famous picnic held atop the Arch in Washington Square by the Texas girl named *Woe*,—just that, Woe. "If asked why she called herself Woe, she would answer, 'Because Woe is me'." What Young has to say concerning *John Reed* took us back a long way, for we used to know Jack in the old days. And Young has something to say to the artist, pertinent at this hour in its relation to the ballot:

> I know the apparent futility of voting, the nuisance of trying to determine the merits of political issues with blather and bombast, lies and deceit, obscuring the truth. I know the temptation to let the work of the world, including politics, be done by experts in the game. But all this seems insufficient reason for not being concerned with the economic life of a nation and the kind of housekeeping done by the government. There cannot be the maximum measure of content that a human being has a right to until the central plant we call government becomes the distributing power of scientific helpfulness to all of us in the mass. To take no interest in this thing called government that can tax and distribute favors to its favorites, that can reach into the home and grab your child for war, that can punish, disgrace, and rob its subjects, is negligence that no urge of art or individual development can justify.

And when Art Young bought the old victoria and the old hack for thirty dollars and took them out to where he now lives in Connecticut with the idea eventually of bowling over the countryside ensconced plumply in the victoria, we were wholly entranced. Get "On My Way" and look at the reproductions again of his famous drawings, "This World of Creepers" and "From Jungle to Civilization" and the one about the "nice, cool sewer." Art Young has been a considerable force in his time. He inherits the mantle of *Thomas Nast*. His book cannot be omitted from any shelf of pungent and thoroughly American memorabilia. . . .

James Norman Hall, aviator and author, is now in our midst from Tahiti. Recently an admirer wrote him to Tahiti. This person had read some particular magazine contribution of Mr. Hall's and said pleasantly that as he believed no writer was ever paid enough for a really excellent piece of writing, he begged Mr. Hall to accept the accompanying twenty dollars plus a Dunhill pipe. This is a spirit that might well be emulated, to the satisfaction of authors, by the general run of enthusiastic readers. We think it a consummation devoutly to be wished! . . . .

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Tammany Boy is a picture of the benevolent and the hard-boiled methods of Tammany Hall to-day. Tom Gentry, struggling with no law practice, joins the Tammany district club. For the first time he wins his cases in return for securing Tammany votes, and then starts to vote as his conscience dictates. Then he gets a telephone call from the Boss, asking him who he thinks thinks for him, telling him to forget his conscience and let Tammany do the dictating. It is a picture—contemporary history—a view of political methods in this country to-day through personality.

Second Choice is a picture of our own present-day Society life in America, and of the matrimonial problems appertaining thereto. Two young people, both engaged to be married, both thrown over by their fiancees the same day, meet and on the rebound decide to marry in order to turn the laugh on their friends and "get square"—pride of race, pride of social standing causing them to sacrifice everything else. They *do* marry. They *do* "get square." They *do* go through a period of travail—all caused by the society conditions in which we now live. The contemporary history of modern society pictured through personality.

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Children of The River is a picture of the amazing defense of New Orleans in 1814 by Andrew Jackson and his coonskin-capped undisciplined but hard fighting army. It is colored and made interesting by the little heroine who comes down the great River from Kentucky in her homespun dress to marry the son of the proud Creoles. The whole book makes a panorama of French Creoles, Spanish Grandees, buccaneer pirates and the hard-headed Jackson and his followers. It is a picture of a portion of our history presented through personality.

A Maid and A Million Men pictures the relations of the sexes all over the world to-day through a case of mistaken identity. The heroine, twin sister of her soldier brother, agrees to don his uniform for one day at Camp Mills so that he can spend that one day with his best girl. Then comes the accident of chance. The regiment is ordered abroad that day, and the sprightly little maid goes to France as a doughboy unbeknown to anybody. Her experience in trying to get a bath, in trying to prevent a French girl from falling in love with her, presents a picture of the absurdities of our social order through personality.

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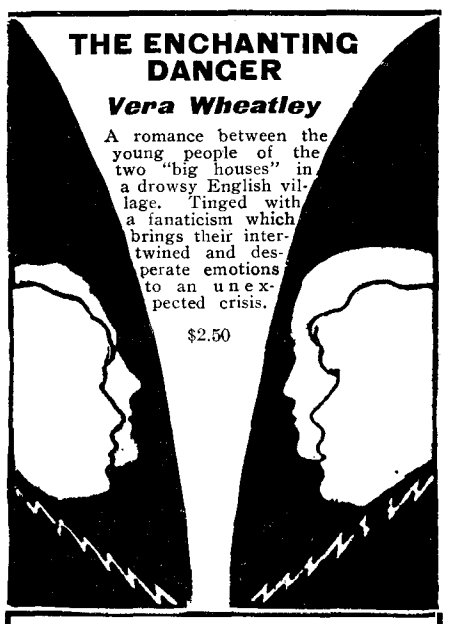

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The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from page* 301)

wishes that they would "loosen up and talk," and "cut loose and tell the raw truth." He says that parsons like to "crack up the organization." These examples are probably enough to indicate the tone of the book.

Incidentally, is it too much to ask that the author of a work purporting to be literate shall learn the difference between "so" and "as," and not say: "So long as he idealizes it, that is enough"? Nor should he write that "things grow pretty bad rapidly." Mr. Parrish seems to have been reading "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes;" or possibly he has been assiduous in his contemplation of movie sub-titles.

To sum up, it may be said that this volume is marred by careless thinking and bad taste, and that in it is little trace of two qualities reasonably to be expected in a religious treatise,—compassion and humility.

PRESENT DAY DILEMMAS IN RELIGION. By CHARLES W. GILKEY. Cokesbury Press. 1928. $1.50.

This book is composed of six lectures, delivered on the Cole Foundation at Vanderbilt University in 1927. In them Dr. Kilkey advances the not wholly new thesis that Truth consists not of "either-or" but of "both-and." He shows, without much difficulty, that things new and things old are both important; that service and mystical renewal are each to be desired; that to help the group you must be a good individual and that to be a good individual you must help the group; that a religious man must be in the world but not of the world. These not entirely startling statements the new Chaplain of the University of Chicago has clothed in a delightful, if occasionally sentimental, manner. The book is pleasant reading, urbane, done in good English.

Its weakness lies in the fact that while Dr. Gilkey regards thesis and antithesis as in everything necessary, he seems to forget that there is a third term of Hegel's trilogy. He rarely even attempts synthesis. If this book had been written for the man in the street, perhaps it would have been necessary, especially now when bigots bluster, to point out that Truth always has an obverse and a reverse. These are, however, university lectures. They ought to be designed to help men and women who are at least comparatively educated. What such people need most is synthesis. The lack of it in this volume gives a certain impression of immaturity.

THE PAGANISM IN OUR CHRISTIANITY. By *Arthur Weigall*. Putnam. $2.50.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF BUDDHISM. By *James B. Pratt*. Macmillan. $3.

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Travel

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CHRISTIANITY TODAY. By a group of writers. Cokesbury.

PRESENT-DAY DILEMMAS IN RELIGION. By *Charles W. Gilkey*. Cokesbury.

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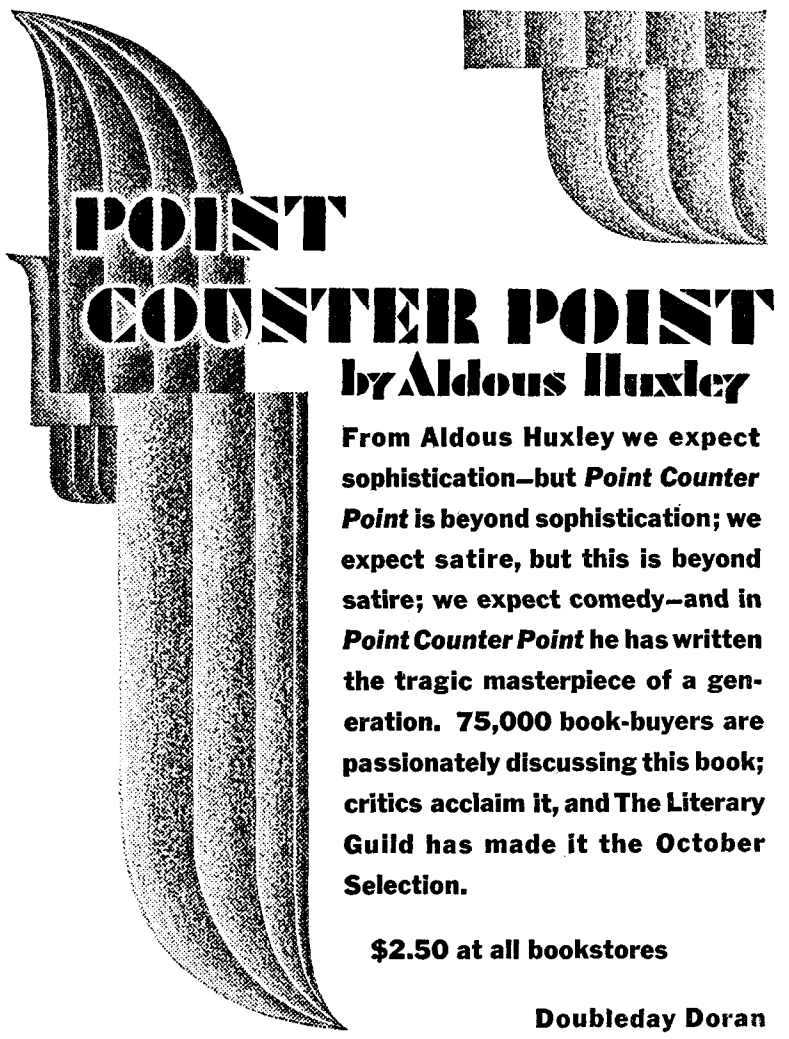

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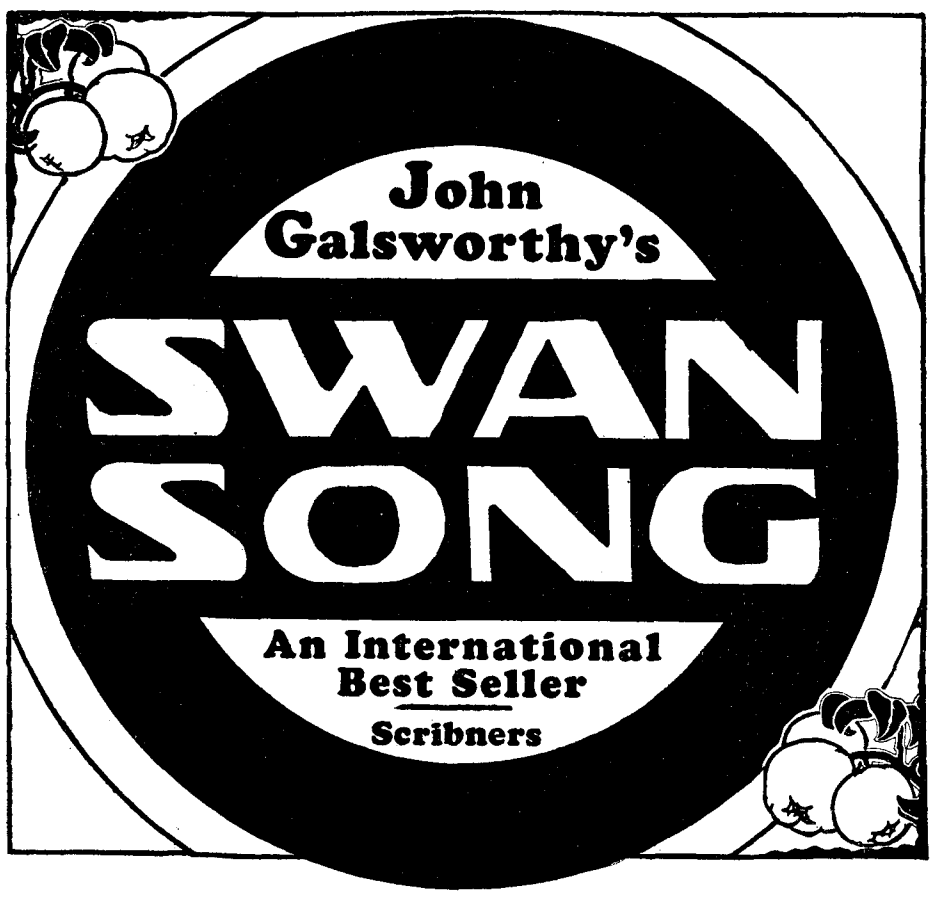

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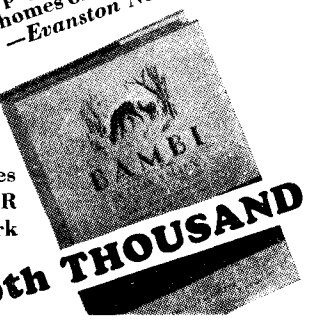

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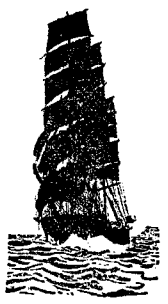

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